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FRED LE PEIR CHARGED WITH HOSS STEALING.

Entered Fred Cleveland's Barn On Pierce Brook Tuesday Night.

HAD TURNED HORSES LOOSE.

Captured Red Handed by Mr. Cleveland Who Laid Him Out With a Scoop-Shovel—Tried the Same Trick in Robert Oliver's Barn—Suspected of Burining A. R. Cory's Barn—Some Think He is Demented.

As we go to press Wednesday afternoon Fred Le Peir, who has been doing considerable mischief on Pierce Brook for the past few days is having a hearing before Justice Gleason on the charge of horse stealing and from the facts we have been able to learn there is no doubt of his being held for court on that charge.

About one o'clock in the morning Sheriff Morrison received a telephone message from Pierce Brook that Fred Cleveland had captured a man who was trying to steal his horses, and the sheriff sent Constable Foote and Turnkey McCarthy out to arrest the man. They returned with the alleged thief about five o'clock Wednesday morning.

The story as told by Mr. Cleveland to the writer is substantially as follows: He heard a noise about the barn and looking out saw his cattle were out of the yard. When he went out to get them back in the enclosure he heard noises in the barn and upon investigation found that his big stallion and mare were loose on the barn floor. He stepped inside and drove the mare back into her stall, and as he turned around he saw a man crouching in a corner. Knowing that he meant mischief he picked up a scoop-shovel and struck him over the head with it laying him out. He then made him fast and proceeded to get the stallion back in place. And as soon as possible notified the officers here.

Last Saturday night Le Peir went into Robert Oliver's barn in the same vicinity and did a similar trick. Oliver came to the barn and he got away without being placed under arrest.

A number of people are of the opinion that Le Peir was responsible for the burning of A. R. Cory's barn. He was staying at the time in a shanty nearby with several other foreigners who had been drinking and the neighbors think he set the barn on fire, either by accident or intent.

Le Peir is a Frenchman who has been in that vicinity off and on for the past several months, staying with some wood choppers when there. He has had no quarrels with any of the residents in that locality and would have no reason for committing these acts for revenge. Some are of the opinion that he is demented and others think that he intended stealing the horses and getting away with them.

A PITIFUL CASE.

Destitute Home and Shocking Depravity—Thirteen-Year-Old Girl Tells Story.

The Bradford Sunday Herald says: Bertha Pinkerton, the 13-year-old girl who was taken into custody on Wednesday as a truant, was escorted to Smethport Friday and made to appear before Judge Bouton. This action was due partly to the knowledge in the possession of the police authorities and partly to the desire of the public school officials to discourage truancy.

The girl was induced to tell her story to Judge Bouton, who concluded that she would be benefitted by a stay in the Bethesda home. He also concluded that statements in connection with her story should be investigated and instructed County Detective Jones to make an investigation and if the facts should warrant it, cause the arrest of Frank Parcarell, a Rochester street Italian, who was implicated in the girl's story.

Yesterday morning a warrant was served on Pascarell, charging him with statutory rape. The hearing before Alderman Foley yesterday morning was an ill-smelling illustration of the depravity of certain portions of the youthful population of Bradford. Interspersed in the testimony were also facts showing a moral standard in certain adult citizens disgustingly low. The girl's evidence particularly, both direct and under cross-examination, was startling. She willingly named individuals who have been prominent in her brief career in Bradford and told of places visited which should furnish good material for the future consideration of the authorities.

The Pinkerton family has been in destitute circumstances since coming to this city from Limestone. The widowed mother has worked hard to keep her five children clothed and fed but in the light of recent events it seems that she was unable to do so. Bertha testified that she was treated kindly by Pascarell during the first few weeks of their acquaintance and admitted that the defendant had at different times given clothing to her mother for the children. She also said that she had frequently been given food by Pascarell and his wife. Her evidence showed also that Pascarell had several times brought beer to the Pinkerton house and one evening induced her to drink the contents of two bottles.

After the evidence had been heard, Alderman Foley held Pascarell for the action of the next session of the grand jury. The offense with which he is charged is not bailable before an alderman and Pascarell was taken to Smethport yesterday afternoon.

Byron A. Smith was brought over from Bradford on Monday by Detective Jones and lodged in jail to await the action of the grand jury at the December term of court. He is charged with statutory rape on the person of Bertha Pinkerton. Smith is a sort of a particular cuss and at first refused to enter the apartment with the "common jail birds" as he called them but after Turnkey McCarthy used some of his moral suasion he meekly took his place in the cell assigned him.

CHICAGO LADIES' ORCHESTRA.

Second Entertainment for Benefit of Fire Department on Thanksgiving Evening.

On Thanksgiving evening the second number of the five course entertainment of the firemen's benefit, will appear at the Lyceum. On this occasion the Chicago "Ladies' Orchestra will be the attraction, and judging from the numerous press notices this company is an unusually strong attraction, and the firemen feel safe in saying to the people of Smethport that an evening of first class entertainment will repay those who attend. The company consists of Zetta Gay Whitson, first violin; Irene Adellade McClung, second violin; Florence Lawson, cello; Francis Mauer, cornet; Mae H. Taylor, clarinet; Adele I. Lawson, piano; Anna Therese DeVault, drums; and Louis O. Runner, trombone.

Those holding season tickets may secure reserved seats at Wells' drug store at an additional cost of 15 cents. Some few season tickets as yet unsold will be offered for sale between now and Thanksgiving Day, and if you have not already secured one it is your duty to do so, as the Smethport Fire Department has served you well and faithfully in the past, and are willing to do so in the future. The money made on these entertainments will be used for the purpose of installing a new fire alarm system.

Single admissions will be 50, 35 and 25 cents. Don't forget the date, Thanksgiving evening. A good day friends, at the same time help a and, a good way to entertain your worthy cause.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of Letters remaining in the postoffice at Smethport, Pa., for the ending November 19, 1910:

Bishop, Miss Virginia
Bowers, P. H.
Cattoni, Mansuto
Hinkle, Mrs. J. B.
Hill, Emmett
Keller, Mr. W. H.
Marchisi, Mrs. L. D. (2)
Partiss, Miss Genevieve
Stevens, Miss Margaret K.
Tarbox, Mr. Burt
Tooley, J. S.
Webester, Mrs. Ed.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

MANY POISONED AT CHICKEN SUPPER.

Over Fifty Persons Suffer From Effects of Bad Chicken.

NO DEATHS RESULTED FROM IT.

All Have Recovered Although Several Were Quite Seriously Ill—It All Happened at The St. Elizabeth's Supper Held Last Wednesday Night—Victims Were Taken With Severe Fits of Vomiting.

Fully fifty residents of this borough who partook of the supper served in the basement of St. Elizabeth's church last Wednesday evening were made painfully if not seriously ill several hours after eating of the food. And it at once become evident that something served at the supper was the cause of their trouble.

From about ten o'clock Wednesday evening until Thursday morning the telephones of the various doctors was kept busy by those afflicted. In nearly every case the victims were taken with violent pains in the stomach which was followed by fits of excessive vomiting, and the physicians in charge pronounced it a form of poisoning.

At first it was supposed that the poisoning came from cooking the food in some defective dish but later the physicians came to the conclusion that the trouble came from a diseased or partially decomposed chicken.

It is said that the chickens were all cooked in two large granite kettles and while the persons who had their chicken served from one kettle were nearly all sick, those who were served from the other kettle experienced none of the symptoms of poisoning. It therefore is the opinion that one tainted chicken, cooked with the rest poisoned all of that kettle enough to make many sick but not sufficiently to prove fatal in any instance. And therefore it is lucky that it was not served alone to a few persons, for in that case it undoubtedly would have proved fatal to all who ate of it.

Those who had charge of the supper are in no way to blame for the unfortunate accident. Every person connected with the preparing of the supper is perfectly proficient in the art and none of them noticed anything about any of the chickens that would arouse suspicion that they were not just what they ought to be. It was a very unfortunate accident and it is lucky that the results were not more serious.

Since the above was put in type we have learned that Mrs. C. E. VanDusen, one of the teachers in the Smethport schools, has been critically ill ever since partaking of the supper and for a day or two her condition was alarming. This Wednesday morning, however, she is somewhat improved and her recovery is expected to be rapid from now on.

BISHOP OF NEW DIOCESE.

Episcopals Elect Rev. Rogers Israle of Scranton Bishop of the Erie Diocese.

From the Erie Daily Times of last Thursday we glean the following:

Rev. Rogers Israel, D. D., pastor of St. Luke's church, Scranton, Pa., is the bishop-elect of the new diocese of Erie. His election took place late yesterday afternoon, on the eighth ballot of the clerical vote, which stood, Rev. D. Israle, 10; Rev. W. Strother Jones of this city, 8; and Rev. Martin Aigner, of Franklin, 1. The choice of the clergy was later approved by the laymen, on a vote of 35 to 18, but one ballot being required.

The convention was harmonious and the work moved along with such rapidity, yesterday afternoon and last evening, that it was possible for the delegates to complete their work last night. The standing committee and the committee on canons were chosen last night.

Following is the list of officers that will have charge of the affairs of the new diocese:

Bishop—Rev. Rogers Israel, D. D., of Scranton.

Archdeacon—Rev. R. S. Radcliffe, of Ridgway.

Secretary—Rev. F. T. Cady of Port Allegany.

Treasurer—Turner W. Shacklett, of Erie.

Chancellor—Hon. A. B. Osbourne of Erie.

Standing Committee — Clerical: Rev. W. Strother Jones, Erie, president; Rev. E. E. Maderia, Titusville, secretary; Rev. J. E. Reilley, Oil City, and Rev. Martin Aigner, Franklin.

Laymen—Major John W. Reynolds, Erie; Col. E. V. Selden, Joseph Kaye and H. K. Gregory.

Committee on Canons—Clerical: Rev. D. E. S. Parry, D. D., Rev. L. M. A. Haughtwout, M. A., and Rev. W. E. Van Dyke.

Laymen—Judge H. A. Hall, James Mullins and Frank Flowers.

New Bishop's Career.

The Rev. Rogers Israel, D. D. has for the past 18 years, had charge of St. Luke's church, Scranton. He has been identified with the ministry since 1885, when he was ordained, deacon by Bishop Bedell of Ohio. During the year 1885, he was assistant at the cathedral in Cleveland, and in the following year was ordained priest by Bishop Whitehead. From 1886 to 1892, Rev. Israel had charge of Christ church, Meadville, later going to his present pastorate in Scranton.

His early education was acquired in private schools, and was completed by a thorough course in Dickinson college, Pennsylvania, where, in 1881, he received the degree of bachelor of arts and in 1884 the degree of master of arts was conferred upon him by the same college, and in 1900 he was honored with the title of doctor of divinity.

Rev. Israel has devoted 20 years of his life to the ministry, and has acquired the reputation of being one of the hardest and most conscientious workers in the church. Bishop Whitehead spoke in glowing terms of the bishop-elect, who, he said, was in his opinion one of the most capable and thorough pastors he had ever known. During his connection with St. Luke's church, Scranton, the membership has increased to a great extent. Not alone in church affairs has his ability been recognized. He has been an influential leader in the affairs of the diocese of Bethlehem, and as a member of the standing committee of that diocese has lent great assistance in conducting its affairs. He is a member of the joint committee of the General Theological seminary of New York city, and an overseer of the Philadelphia Divinity school. He has in the past taken an active interest in the convention of the church and attended the Cincinnati convention held last month.

HIS ARM MANGLED.

Sad Shooting Accident Near Howard Junction to Amos Brown, Jr.

Amos Brown, Jr. a lad of 12 years, who lives with his grandfather, Amos Brown, at No. 80 Chestnut street, was seriously injured in a hunting accident on Sunday while he and two companions were in the woods near Howard Junction. As a result, his left arm was shattered by a charge from a shotgun. The boy is at the Bradford hospital and it is yet impossible to tell whether or not the arm will have to be amputated.

Saturday morning young Brown and George Howard and Edward Fargo went to Howard Junction. They remained there over night at the home of a friend, so as to get an early start Sunday morning in their quest for rabbits. They bagged quite a number, and Amos, after making a successful shot, rested his gun for a moment on a rock on which he was standing—according to information given to The Era last evening.

The gun was in an upright position, the muzzle being pointed upward. The youth accidentally slipped, it appears, and the hammer of the weapon, striking against the edge of the rock, discharged the contents, the shot taking effect in the left arm, mangling the flesh and bone in a shocking manner. Arteries were severed and there was a copious flow of blood, but later this was checked somewhat.

The boys, after the accident, proceeded as rapidly as they could to Howard Junction where the boy's grandfather was notified by telephone. The wounded lad came to the city on a traction car and went to his grandparents' home on Chestnut street. Later Dr. F. W. Winger had the boy taken to the hospital and gave him surgical attention. An effort will be made to save the arm, but as to the outcome it was difficult last night, to form an opinion.

The boy is a son of Charles Brown, a well known glycerine shooter who was killed nearly five years ago on Bolivar Run. His mother now lives at Rochester, N. Y. An uncle, Hadley Foster, was killed near Marietta, O., by a nitro-glycerine explosion some time ago.—Bradford Era.

JOHN LANDON'S RIGHT HAND BADLY CRUSHED.

And His Right Arm Broken in Two Places.

ACCIDENT HAPPENED AT CROSBY.

Hand Caught in Bevel Gear at Heinemann Chemical Factory last Friday—Hand May Be Saved But Will Lose at Least One Finger.

John Landon, aged about 42 years, met with a very painful if not serious accident at the Heinemann Chemical factory at Crosby last Friday, and as a result he may lose his right hand, although the physician in attendance now has hopes of saving all but one finger.

Landon was tightening up a nut on the box of a bevel gear on one of the retorts when his hold slipped, throwing his hand into the back of the gear. The power had just been shut off and therefore was running simply on its momentum or his hand and arm would have been crushed beyond all semblance of human shape. As it was his second finger was taken completely off, the third finger broken and nearly severed and another finger broken and bruised. The back of the hand was crushed and terribly bruised and the arm was broken in two places.

Dr. Clark was called and completed the amputation of the second finger and dressed and splinted his other injuries and he told the writer that it would be several days before it could be definitely told whether or not the other injured members could be saved.

This was one of those unavoidable accidents where neither Mr. Landon nor his employers were to blame, as we understand it, but simply a case were luck was against him. If the injured members are saved he will be laid up for five or six weeks at least.

Mr. Landon is a hardworking man with a wife and five children and his many friends sincerely hope that his hand and fingers may be saved and that his recovery may be speedy.

LOST IN THE WOODS.

Four Well Known Nimrods Lose their Bearings North of Town.

Last Friday four of our most enthusiastic nimrods took to the woods back of town hill in quest of rabbits. The weather was fine and the rabbits were so thick—or rather the tracks were so thick that they forgot all about locations and distances until late in the afternoon when the time was drawing near for them to wend their way homeward.

They did not want to take the back track and therefore they commenced looking about for landmarks to direct them the nearest way home. Constable Lis Foote, who acted as guide for the other three, decided that, although he was a trifle mistified, he could take them home the short way by going a certain direction and "Doc" Heath, who is a natural woodsman for his tender years sided with the guide. Tom Cole, who has traveled some in these parts fell in with the others, but Charles Moomy, who don't pretend to know anything about signs and tracks unless it be automobile tracks, held firmly to the belief that they were wrong, but as he had no woods sense anyway and was only one to three he gave up and followed the crowd. This was about 5 o'clock in the afternoon and they tramped behind their leader until about 8 o'clock before coming out to civilization and when they did they found themselves near the pump station on Cole creek, about seven miles from home.

Hungry and tired they hit the pike for home arriving—shortly—after ten o'clock. "Doc" Heath says that after this when he goes hunting he will let the rabbit tracks go when it comes to the home stretch and follow automobile tracks.

Lost.

A yearling heifer, brindle in color, has been lost. Information concerning the same will be cheerfully received at this office. Oct. 6-tf.

Millinery for Fall and Winter.

My Millinery display for Fall and Winter is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies headgear, call and see me.

Oct. 6-tf CARRIE CLARK.

TO ENLARGE PLANT.

Backus Novelty Company Expects to Enlarge Plant and Rebuild Soon.

The Backus Novelty Company held a meeting of the stock holders on Nov. 21st for the purpose of devising ways and means to increase their capacity, sufficiently to take care of the large and increasing business, their present facilities being entirely inadequate for same, as shown by their being some several weeks behind in making shipments of goods on order; also for the purpose of erecting a new, fire-proof building, part of which will be used as an automobile garage, and the other as a machine shop and factory.

An inventory of the property now owned by the Backus Novelty Co., shows that they have in material, stock, machinery and patents, the amount of $20,194.25, with an indebtedness of $4000.00, most of which is owed to the Hamlin Bank & Trust Co., which shows that in the four years they have been in business they have made a profit of $7115.51, notwithstanding the fact that the business was started with a small capital, and that they had to place on the market a new invention, which is always expensive, namely, the Backus Locking Check System, for hotels, restaurants, etc.

In the few years that this locking check system has been on the market the demand for them throughout the country by the largest and best hotels, clubs, colleges, department stores, fraternal orders, etc., has grown to such an extent that their present facilities are entirely inadequate to the proper filling of the large numbers of orders being received.

The company has exported quite a large number of these locks to Canada, England, Ireland, Holland, and several other foreign countries. They have had catalogues printed in English, French and German, and propositions now pending for agencies with other firms for Australia and the South Sea Islands.

For the last five or six months the company has been doing considerable outside contract work. They have made the dies and turned out 6000 of the Victor Safety Razor Stroppers for the Victor Mfg. Co. of Canton, O. Also quite a large order of burglar alarms for the Defiance Burglar Alarm Co. of Barnesboro, Pa. and several thousand advertising novelties for the Kamisan Mfg. Co. of New York City, and they now have on hand several more contracts for outside work which with their present facilities, they will be entirely unable to reach for some time to come. The contract work could be made into a very profitable business with proper facilities for turning it out.

The stockholders took into favorable consideration the fact that there are owned at the present time in Smethport, something over 40 automobiles, that a first class up to date garage would be a paying proposition, and that the company is in the best possible position to carry on this garage business and if they do not make a move in that direction very soon, some one else will.

Therefore, the stockholders passed a resolution to the effect that they would increase the capital stock to $40,000 and that $10,000 of said capital stock is to be withheld from issue, and kept as treasury stock, to be issued only at a regular meeting of the stockholders, and by a majority vote of the stock, and that $4,100.00 worth of the increased capital stock should be offered for sale at par, and that the president, J. C. Backus, was duly authorized to sell the said stock.

Judging from the present records of this company the stock should be a very good paying investment, and should sell readily. Anyone wishing stock in this company should send in their reservations without delay to the Backus Novelty Co., Smethport, Pa.

Auction Sale.

The undersigned will dispose of all his Household effects including a piano, at the farm of James Quirk in Irish Hollow, Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 1 p. m., sharp. Rain or shine. E. W. Jones, auctioneer. Ladies especially invited.

Nov.24-1t J. W. NEWPORT.

Westbrook Commercial Academy.

Students who wish to start in January should apply now. Only a few seats left. Business, Shorthand, Typewriting and English courses. 29th school year.

WESTBROOK ACADEMY,
Nov.24-2t Olean, N. Y.

Subscribe for The Miner.

AN OFFICIAL SNUB

Rudely Flung at Genial Robert Louis Stevenson.

A CONSUL WITH A GROUCH

The Author Called on the Newly Appointed Official at Apia to Pay His Respects, and Was Shown the Door With Few Words and No Ceremony.

When Robert Louis Stevenson lived in Samoa he dressed as the others there did. Up at Vailima they all went about in their bare feet, except when expecting guests.

When Stevenson came into Apia he looked only half dressed. He always came down with a soft shirt on and generally white flannel trousers, sometimes with a red sash round the waist.

On one occasion the genial author was cruelly snubbed by a newly appointed British consul at Apia, one Colonel De Coetlogon. The story is told in "With Stevenson in Samoa," by H. J. Moors, the author:

One Sunday morning while Stevenson and myself, barefoot and in pajamas, were discussing the various local celebrities, my friend suddenly jumped up and announced that he had neglected a bounden duty. Here he had been in Apia for some considerable time and had not yet called on her Britannic majesty's representative. Every Britisher of mark should attend to such a duty at the earliest possible moment! I must introduce him without one moment's further delay! "Come along, Moors," said he; "let's get it off our mind!"

I informed him that Colonel De Coetlogon was himself a new man in the place—he had been in Apia but a little while—and I had not yet met him. People who had met him had mostly declared him to be an exclusive, crusty old fellow, full of pomposity. I was therefore very loath to go until the new arrival had simmered down somewhat. It was rumored that he had been for years governor of some great jail in Britain, and people remarked that he treated many of his callers as ticket of leave men who had come in to report.

But Stevenson, feeling very sure of his powers to charm this Gorgon, would take no warning, but shouted gayly: "Come on, Moors! I'll attend to this case. He'll welcome us all right!" I pointed out his attire and his lack of shoes, and, with a sigh, by compromised so far as to put on a clean shirt and a pair of trousers and shoes, but my best efforts would not induce him to wear a coat. In the fez he wore an [illegible] his little yachting cap he positively looked no more than twenty or twenty-five years of age. He babbled with enthusiasm over everything new and strange that came within his view as we passed along the road to Matautu, where De Coetlogon lived. From the beginning I doubted if we would receive anything like an effusive welcome, and I took care to impart my fears to my friend, but he only laughed. Particularly did I point out that this was Sunday and that we should choose another day for our visit. He still laughed.

With [illegible] joy he threw open the [illegible] and strode manfully across the [illegible] flowing close behind. A tall, coldly person, with white [illegible] and rose, cropped hair, was sitting [illegible] on the verandah. He made no attempt to rise and welcome us. A whistle and song had [illegible] his rapt attention. We ascended the steps. The statue in the chair merely regarded us. We might as well have been a couple of distressed princesses coming to pray for some absolution.

Stevenson would have embraced this cold, representative of his country's greatness; but the chill restrained him. "Good morning, sir."

A grunt. "Well, what do you want?"

"My name is Stevenson. I am well known in Britain by my works—in fact, I am a novelist. This is Mr. Moors."

"Well, what do you want?"

No friendly hand was stretched out to greet us. We noted a face as hard as stone, as uncompromising and as unsympathetic as a brick wall. Stevenson stood there as one petrified; I was quite appalled. My friend had not counted on such a start. There was no seam or crevice in which he might momentarily hesitate to reconnoiter before he should attack again. The consul's brow was sad to look upon. He had not even risen civilly to hear us.

"We have come, sir, to pay our respects."

"If you have any business and desire to see me I will listen to you on week days and in my office at the proper time. Good morning."

Stevenson quite lost the power of speech and looked appealingly at me. I cannot remember exactly what I said, but I know that I endeavored to depict to the consul the worth and honesty of my companion.

In return came this: "I don't care who you are—either of you! If you have any business at this consulate come and state it at the proper time."

Without more than a profound bow Stevenson turned and made his way out into the road again, I having preceded him. "By heavens, Moors, you were right! What a beast! What a d—d—well, I suppose he has a right to choose his own Sunday morning company. I had thought that I was one of the foremost men of letters of the day, but this fellow differs. What a situation for a man of my supposed eminence to find himself in! People will differ in their opinions, won't they?" And he burst out into a merry laugh.

READING THE FLASHES.

Lighthouses Are Open Books to the Experienced Mariner.

Passengers are generally astonished when on a dark night they hear the ship's officer remark to another, "There's Egg rock," or "Crabtree ledge," or "Beaver Tail," as the case may be, naming some headland or shoal along the coast. The landlubber strains his eyes, and far away there appears from time to time a flash of light, red or white. As these flashes seem to the passenger exactly like those from hundreds of other lighthouses, he is astonished at the officer's assurance.

It is really a very easy matter to distinguish the American lighthouses and lightships, of which there are about 1,300 along the Atlantic and gulf coasts if one is possessed of a copy of the code issued by the lighthouse board. Every light is known by the fixed light, the duration of flash, the length of the eclipse or the number of flashes shown in groups. No lighthouses within a hundred miles of each other are ever similar in these particulars. For instance, one guidepost of the sea may flash a white light every fifteen seconds, never varying, while the next flashes a red light every five seconds. The third may be an alternate red and white flash, with intervals of ten seconds between the flashes, and so on. The audible fog signals are identified by the time between the blasts of the siren and the continuance of the blast.

Flashing lights are preferred to fixed lights for the reason that a fixed light might be confused with some other light on shore. Only white and red lights are considered desirable in lighthouses, since it has been found that the rays from lights of other colors cannot be seen at so great a distance. There is but one green light—a fixed one—on the Atlantic coast.—Harper's Weekly.

HELPED BY A HAMMER.

A Little Business Incident to Which Hangs a Moral.

Two blocks apart in a certain street are two stationery stores. The owner of one has abundant capital, has a wide, roomy place with a large stock of goods well displayed. The store of the other man is a mere hole in the wall in a dingy building, yet this dealer is getting most of the business.

The following incident may explain it. A woman who had just moved to the vicinity stopped in the larger store one evening to buy some picture nails, but was told that they were not sold there.

"Where can I buy them?" she asked politely.

"I don't know," said the proprietor. The woman went to the smaller store. This man had no picture nails either. "I have a box of old nails that I use myself," he explained. "Perhaps some of them might do."

The woman gratefully accepted his offer, and found some nails that answered her purpose. She remembered then that she had no hammer. "I can lend you one," said the shopkeeper, "if you will bring it back in the morning."

Ever since that time that woman has walked the extra blocks to patronize the obliging merchant. She has told her friends of the incident and influenced them to become customers.

The lesson taught by this insignificant incident is one that is only too often neglected. It pays a small tradesman to be obliging—it pays all of us. Small favors bring large returns.—Chicago Tribune.

Dreaded Premature Burial.

Meyerbeer, like many other notable people, went in dread of premature burial and left the most elaborate directions with a view to preventing such a contingency. "My body is to remain untouched for a period of four days after my death is certified, with the face uncovered and in exactly the same position as at the time I am supposed to have passed away. On the fifth day incisions are to be made in the throat and in the feet." He also directed that two men should be appointed to watch over him day and night in case he should give any signs of life and that bells should be attached to his hands and feet.

He Remained One.

"It is true," said a woman lecturer, "that some girls, marrying men to reform them, succeed. Some girls, too, fail.

"The hostess at a tea once said to a beautiful, sad eyed woman:

"'Are you fond of sports, Mrs. Blank?'

"Mrs. Blank smiled. Her sad eyes twinkled a moment. Then she sighed and answered:

"'Well, I suppose I ought to be, I married one.'"

Egypt and China.

In Egypt we dig and delve and year by year recover the treasures she holds. In China there is nothing to recover, nothing to dig for. All her past is huddled on the surface. Her music and her musical instruments of the past are here today the same as they ever were. There are no stages of development and no steps of ascent.—Hermann Smith.

Preventing a Waste.

"Why is Mrs. Jones standing bareheaded in the cold?"

"Oh, she's got a half bottle of cold cure left from last year, and she wants to use it up to get the bottle out of the way."—Lippincott's.

Had Done It Too.

Knicker—Banking interests sometimes buy what they don't want to avert a panic. Bocker—As I buy my wife a dress.—Harper's Bazar.

FIRST SUBMARINE.

The American Turtle Was Tried Out at New York In 1776.

GAVE THE BRITISH A SCARE.

Her Attempt to Blow Up the English Frigate Asia Didn't Succeed, but the Enemy's Ships Fled in Terror—Her Second Escapade Sealed Her Fate.

The American Turtle deserved a better fate. It was the first submarine war vessel of the United States. It was tried out in 1776 in New York harbor. Its inventor and builder was David Bushnell of Connecticut, of whom little is known. The man who went under water with it and in New York bay tried to blow up the British frigate Asia, under General Washington's orders, was Colonel Ezra Lee.

The Turtle was built at Saybrook, Conn. After its vicissitudes of being captured, sunk and resting for years at the bottom of the East river it was raised and taken back to its birthplace. There, after more years, it was taken to pieces. Its metal went into grandfather's clocks, which are still ticking in the hallways of New York and New England homes. Its oaken, pitch smeared timbers were put to structural uses and all trace of them lost. Bushnell did not get even a tardy reward for his inventiveness. The council of safety of Connecticut in 1777 directed that he be paid £200 for his services in "annoying ships," but there is no record that he ever got the money.

Here is the story of the American Turtle's first exploit as it is told in the quaint phraseology of the following manuscript where it was set down long ago:

"When the British fleet lay in the North river, opposite the city of New York, and while General Washington had possession of the city he was very anxious to be rid of such neighbors. David Bushnell of Saybrook invented a submarine curiosity called the American Turtle, which received General Washington's approval for that purpose. A brother of the inventor was to operate the machine, but on trial he declined to hazard his service. Colonel Lee, distinguished for his courage and patriotism, volunteered his services, and after practicing with the machine to discover its powers a night was fixed upon for the attempt.

"General Washington and his associates in the secret took their stations upon the roof of a house on Broadway, anxiously awaiting the result. Morning came, but no intelligence of the bold navigator. While the anxious spectators were about to give him up as lost several barges were seen to start suddenly from Governors Island, then in possession of the British, and move toward some object near the Asia, ship of the line, and as suddenly they were seen to put about and steer for the island with springing oars. In two or three minutes an explosion took place from the surface of the water, resembling a waterspout, which aroused the whole city. The enemy's ships took the alarm, cut their cables and proceeded to the Hook with all possible dispatch, sweeping their bottoms with chains and with difficulty preventing their affrighted crews from leaping overboard.

"Colonel Lee, coming to the surface during this scene of consternation, was obliged again to descend to avoid the enemy's shot from the island. After forcing his machine against a strong current under water he landed safe at the Battery amid a great crowd, General Washington expressing himself as much pleased that the object was effected without the loss of life.

"Colonel Lee had been under the Asia more than two hours endeavoring to penetrate her bottom, which, being sheathed with copper, resisted all attempts to attach the magazine to the ship."

Apparently the American Turtle made one more attempt to "annoy the enemy's shipping" before she ended her career. Another old diary preserved by a Connecticut family mentions this incident. It seems that the Turtle, manned by some nameless hero, perhaps again by Colonel Lee, though the chronicler does not state, made an attempt to blow up a British ship in the East river. By this time the British appear to have discovered what nature of craft it was that had essayed to destroy the Asia and so were on the lookout for anything suspicious that disturbed the surface of the water. At any rate, the American submarine was discovered before she had made any progress on her second mission of destruction.

The British boats gave chase. Considering that the maximum speed of the Turtle was three miles an hour, the pursuit could not have been a very long one. At any rate, an American vessel, probably some small schooner, was waiting for the submarine, and the Turtle fled thither for protection. Hastily the odd looking craft was hoisted aboard, sail was set, and the American boat tried to show a clean pair of heels to her pursuer, but it was in vain. She was sunk by the English guns.

For a long time the Turtle lay in the submerged vessel's hold. After the war was over, however, the ship was raised and the Turtle was recovered and carried back to Saybrook. If every one else had forgotten her and her achievements by that time the people of her inventor's native town still held the Turtle in affectionate remembrance.—Thaddeus S. Dayton in Boston Post.

BANK CHECKS.

The Part They Play In the Payment of a Debt.

A young man had kept in his possession for several days a check from his uncle. His uncle died, and he hastened to the bank to cash the check. When he found the bank would not pay the check until it had orders from the heirs or from the courts he was surprised and observed to his father that he thought of a check as being so much money if the signature was good.

As a matter of fact, however, a check is merely an order from A. to B., who holds some of A.'s money, to pay a certain amount thereof to C. It is not money, even if the names on the check are good and well known and the bank is solid as the government. Although checks are given in payment of debt and a receipt usually is signed on the spot yet the passing of a check does not constitute payment of indebtedness until it is paid by the bank.

Nor will the concurrent receipting of the debt for which it is given change this. If the check is not paid on presentation to the bank the original claim stands against the drawer or giver of the check. But a certified check constitutes payment on the part of the person who draws it.

Checks may be antedated or postdated—that is, dated before or after the date of delivery. If postdated checks are paid before the day specified the drawer can recover the money, for the bank has acted not in accordance with any order from him, but on its own responsibility.

If a blank is left for the date the holder is authorized to insert the true date of delivery, but no other date. The insertion of any other date or changing the date without the consent of the drawer makes the check void.—New York Herald.

BIBLICAL TROUBLES.

Knotty Language Problems Translators Have to Solve.

Some of the riddles that have to be solved before the Bible can be translated into remote and barbaric tongues are cited in that amazing wonder book, the popular illustrated report of the British and Foreign Bible society. How, for example, can you find a name for "lamb" among the inhabitants of some island where the only quadrupeds are pigs and rats? How can you render "whiter than snow" in the dialects of West Africa, where snow is utterly unknown?

Occasionally the difficulty is one of sheer space. Lengua, the speech of an Indian tribe in Paraguay, which has been furnished with the gospel according to St. Mark, is so unwieldy that the word eighteen can only be represented thus: "Sohozemek-wakthlamok-emhlik-antanhlama." Literally translated, that means "finished my hands, pass to my other foot—three," for fingers and toes serve as units. The word for butter in Lengua is "waikly-anamanukukinguk-kpithmuk," which means literally "the grease of the juice of the udder of the cow."

In New Guinea the translator wanted the proper idiom for "far be it from me to do this thing," so he consulted an intelligent catechumen. "Yes," replied the catechumen, "I understand exactly. We have the precise idiom. We say, 'May I speak to my mother-in-law before I will do this thing?'" for in that land of strange taboos one of the unpardonable sins is for a man to open his lips to his wife's mother.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Justifiable Deception.

The talk had gone back, and Ito and the youthful Socialist had been announcing that no man ought to get his living by cheating, and we all listened to him and agreed that it was dreadful when men and women did not tell the truth, but tried to make their living by deceiving people. Millionaires, landowners, financiers, we scarified all of them who cheat the public.

"No one should make a living by deception," said the young man.

Then a quiet voice from a woman came from the corner of the sofa. "What about the conjurer?"

Eating Four Hundred Years Ago.

Four hundred years ago eating was practically confined to two meals a day, but in many parts the second or evening meal was of such a protracted character that laws were passed limiting its duration. Thus at Berne there was a law against sitting at table more than five hours. At Bale, from 10 o'clock in the morning to 6 o'clock in the evening was the maximum permitted, but the town council was unable to practice its own counsels of perfection and on great occasions finished in private. In Saxony the innkeeper was forbidden to serve more than four dishes at one meal.

Welcome Joy.

Ef you ain't got manners ter tell Joy good mawnin' when you meets him, how does you expect him ter call roun' by de place you live at? You better be mighty keerful, fer whilst he is allus in a good humor he sho' do expect you ter meet him half way.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Rare Treat.

A distinguished society leader of New York, lately returned from a motor trip through France, said that her most delightful experience was hearing the French pheasants singing the mayonnaise.—Everybody's.

When our hatred is too bitter it places us below those whom we hate.—Rochefoucauld.

FLYING IN DREAMS.

A Sensation Like That Which Sometimes Precedes Death.

The sensation of flying is one of the earliest to appear in the dreams of childhood. It seems to become less frequent after middle age. Beaunis states that in his case it ceased at the age of fifty. It is sometimes the last sensation at the moment of death.

To rise, to fall, to glide away has often been the last conscious sensation recalled by those who seemed to be dying, but have afterward been brought back to life. Pieron has noted this sensation at the moment of death in a number of cases, usually accompanied by a sense of well being. The cases he describes were mostly tuberculous and included individuals of both sexes and with atheistic as well as religious beliefs.

In all the last sensation to which expression was given was one of flying, of moving upward. In some death was peaceful, in others painful. In one case a girl died clasping the iron bars of the bed, in horror of being borne upward.

Pieron associates this sensation with the similar sensation of rising and floating in dreams and with that of moving upward and resting on the air experienced by persons in the ecstatic state. In all these cases alike life is being concentrated in the brain and central organs, while the outlying districts of the body are becoming numb and dead.

Dream flight, it is necessary to note, is not usually the sustained flight of a bird or an insect, and the dreamer rarely or never imagines that he is borne high into the air. Hutchins it states that of all those whom he has asked about the matter hardly one has ever known himself to make any high flights in his dreams. One almost always flies low, with a skimming manner, slightly, but only slightly, above the heads of pedestrians.

Beaunis from his own experience describes a typical kind of dream flight as a series of light bounds at one or two yards above the earth, each bound clearing from ten to twenty yards, the dream being accompanied by a delicious sensation of ease and movement as well as a lively satisfaction at being able to solve the problem of aerial locomotion by virtue of superior organization alone.

Lafcadio Hearn somewhat similarly describes in his "Shadowings" a typical and frequent dream of his own as a series of bounds in long parabolic curves, rising to a height of some twenty-five feet and always accompanied by the sense that a new power had been revealed, which for the future would be a permanent possession.—Atlantic.

Won His Wager.

Mrs. Somerville, the great mathematician and scientific writer, had to a great extent the power of concentration and became so absorbed in her task as to be unconscious of what was going on around her. Dr. Somerville told Harriet Martineau that he once laid a wager with a friend that he would abuse Mrs. Somerville in a loud voice to her face and she would take no notice, and he did so. Sitting close to her, he confided to his friend the most injurious things—that she rouged, that she wore a wig and other such nonsense, uttered in a very loud voice. Her daughters were in a roar of laughter, while the slandered lady sat placidly writing. At last her husband made a dead pause after her name, on which she looked up with an innocent "Did you speak to me?"

THANKSGIVING TIME

is when we can enjoy the fruits of our year's labor and be thankful for it. Eat your [illegible] and poultry have a feast on Thanksgiving Day by furnishing them with plenty of good food, oats and corn.

F. A. GREEN

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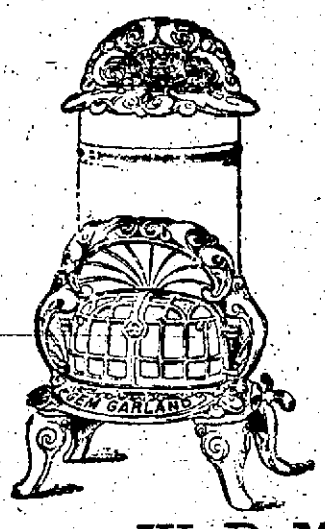

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—AT—

W. B. MEANS.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 24, 1910.

Local and General.

—Holeproof hosiery is advertised by Fry and Comes this week.

—Chicago Ladies' Orchestra Thursday night at the Lyceum.

—H. W. Rubin has an interesting clothing advertisement in this issue.

—Daly & Garlic advertise the Universal food chopper in their space this week.

—The Lindholm Company has a new and interesting advertisement in this issue.

—Boys' suits with twice the wear of the ordinary kinds are advertised by Monheimer.

—The Sheriff's sales for the December term of court appear on another page of this issue.

—The open season for deer, partridge and rabbits closes on Wednesday of next week. Have you got your share?

—The Miner will begin an exceedingly interesting serial story in the near future. Get in line to read this story along with all the news.

—Services at St. Luke's church Thanksgiving Day. Holy Communion at 8:00 a. m.; morning prayer at 10:00; Holy Communion at 10:30 a. m.

—I. B. Wilson, referee in the bank case assured the writer at Smethport this week that a 10 per cent. dividend has been ordered and that the clerk is now preparing the papers for same.—Eldred Eagle.

—The writer was informed by a prominent Olean business man that Mrs. Dean, who is charged with killing her sister, Miss Caroline O'Connor, a few days ago, will probably be pronounced insane.

—George Schermerhorn was arrested some time ago charged with the larceny of $2. He was taken to Smethport and before Judge Bouton pleaded guilty. Sentence was suspended on certain conditions, one being that he was not to get to drinking again. Saturday Schermerhorn broke away from his pledge and is again in the city lockup.—Bradford Era.

—Hermon Eldredge of Erie, Pa., State Field Worker of Pennsylvania State Sunday School Association will speak Sunday at the morning service of the Methodist Episcopal church and at the Sunday school rally day services 11:45. All members of church and Sunday school are urged to be present. Mr. Eldredge will speak on Teacher's Training at 3 p. m. All who are interested in Sunday school work cordially invited. Preaching by the pastor at 7:30.

—John Nicholas, a B., R. & P. laborer employed near Boyer, was murderously assaulted last Thursday by two unknown foreigners while he was at work on the track. After some words, one of the strange men whipped out a razor and slashed Nicholas across his throat, making a wound four inches long, but fortunately missing a vital point. Nicholas is at his boarding house in Bradford. Detective Jones and other officers are making an attempt to apprehend his assailants, whom he says are both Italians.

—The press of the country is taking up the question of doing Christmas shopping early. In this connection it might be well to emphasize the necessity of mailing Christmas gifts early. Many packages are lost or part of their contents destroyed by reason of the rush two or three days before Christmas. By mailing gifts early you avoid all these dangers. The department allows the words "not to be opened until Christmas" or words of similar effect. There are so many advantages in sending your packages early that it seems strange that people will persist in putting off this important matter until the last moment.

—Three men employed by the Miller Construction company on the B., R. & P. railroad double tracking job near Mt. Jewett, were severely injured last Thursday when they failed to get out of the way of a steam shovel which was in operation. John Borsu, one of the men, was found to be injured about the head and he was brought to the Bradford hospital yesterday morning, accompanied by Dr. Cleveland of Mt. Jewett. The other two men were badly bruised and cut. Last night Borsu was resting comfortably at the hospital and was expected to recover.—Tuesday's Bradford era.

—An exchange truthfully says: It's time for the Good Fellows' Club to get together and think about somebody else's Christmas—not grown ups, understand,—but some little towheads who, unless somebody helps 'em, never get any closer to Christmas spirit than you get to the Golden Fleece. Why even the red cherries you get in your cocktails would be a happy surprise to some kid. Think it over: cut out the flax and the foolish water for a night and blow the proceeds on some dirty faced little shrimp who is all pinched up with neglect and carelessness of the world. A microscope examination of your soul doesn't show enough goodness and charity to entitle you to even send your card in to St. Peter. Get busy and dig up!

—Tuesday's Bradford Era says: William L. Chapman, a well known citizen of Bradford, highly esteemed by all who knew him, died suddenly at about 5:30 o'clock Monday afternoon while on his way home from his work. He had reached a point near the corner of West Corydon and Water streets when he was seen to fall to the sidewalk. The driver of a delivery wagon was the first to reach his side. The man was gasping for breath and within a few moments he expired. People in the vicinity assisted in carrying the body to his home, No. 78 West Corydon street, and Coroner Sherman was notified. Undertaker Sloan took charge of the remains. It was impossible to determine last evening whether Mr. Chapman was taken with a sudden attack of heart failure or whether his death was due to a fall on the sidewalk. Mr. Chapman, who was 64 years of age, was in his usual health yesterday and was at work at his trade for Contractor Boss.

LONDON THEATERS.

The Historic Pit That Is Fenced Off From the Stalls.

In the orchestra of a London theater there are only eight or ten rows of stalls, and immediately behind them is the pit, which is walled off by a barrier or fence that stretches clear across the theater. In the pit there are no individual seats—merely rows of long benches on which the people sit rather closely together.

It is, of course, impossible to reserve seats in advance, and people who are going to the pit have to come early on the evening of the performance in order to secure the best places.

Hence in the case of a popular play a long queue of people may be seen at 7 o'clock stretching from the pit door all along the sidewalk, waiting for the house to open. They keep their places very patiently in line, united by a common mood of pleasurable anticipation.

One manager awhile ago made the experiment of selling reserved seats in the pit at the usual price, but to this the pit people objected strenuously on the ground that they could seldom know in advance just when they would find themselves possessed of that happy combination of money and an evening off which would permit of theater going, and preferred to take their chances waiting in line when the fortunate opportunity arrived.

The pit is patronized by people of a very estimable class and is often frequented by well educated men and women who wish to save money and do not care to dress. Whereas a seat in the stalls costs half a guinea (or approximately $2.50), a place in the pit costs only two and six (or approximately 60 cents), and the play can be seen very nearly as well.

In the pit the same program that is sold in the stalls for sixpence is sold for twopence, and the pit has a refreshment bar of its own which is cheaper than the main bar of the theater. Of course the real reason why there is a pit in the London theater is that there has always been a pit. That in itself is sufficient for the British mind, but it must be admitted that the system is on grounds of common sense an exceedingly good one.—Bookman.

HOUSE OF SURPRISES.

The Home of British Diplomacy, No. 10 Downing Street.

Why does the residence of the prime minister of the kingdom resemble the dwelling of a retired grocer of simple tastes? The reply to this is forthcoming. It does not. It only pretends to resemble the dwelling of a retired grocer. No. 10 Downing street begins to reveal itself as a surprise packet when you have rung one of its three bells and persuaded its front door to open. You then discover yourself in an elegance hall whose mats, walls and general shabbiness would be the instant ruin of a Bloomsbury temperance hotel, and you perceive that you have unwittingly done an injustice to the retired grocer. You decide that no grocer, at any rate no English grocer, would tolerate such a kennel.

But when you have penetrated a little farther, and especially when you have mounted the first flight of stairs, you will be ready to remodel your views once again. Within thirty seconds you will have lost your bearings. Within sixty you will admit that you are in a palace full of bewildering corridors and endless symphonesity, with here and there a glimpse of some immense and stately apartment. No. 10 Downing street begins just exactly where you might have expected it to finish. Its ramifications are innumerable, its geography an enigma even to the most ancient janitor.—From Phillpotts and Arnold's "The Statue."

The Ghost of Clopton.

A grewsome story of Clopton House, Stratford-on-Avon (which Mrs. Gaskell visited as a girl) is told in Mrs. Chadwick's book on the novelist. Charlotte Clopton, who was supposed to have died of the plague, was buried "with fearful haste." She was discovered—when the ancestral vault was opened to receive another victim of the plague—leaning against the wall in her grave clothes; she was, indeed, dead, but in her agonies of despair and hunger she had bitten a piece from her shoulder. "Of course she has walked ever since," as Mrs. Gaskell says.

Counter Case.

Upon being called in the police court, charged with an assault upon a clerk at a soda water fountain, the defendant arose and said, "Your honor, I am guilty, but I plead a counter case." Whereupon the aforesaid clerk arose and replied: "Your honor, the counter didn't have anything to do with it. I walked around the counter before I struck him."—Case and Comment.

Quite Poetic.

"Tell me, Harry," said May Brightley's admirer to her young brother, "who is this other fellow that's been calling on your sister?"

"I don't know his name," replied Harry. "I just call him 'April showers.'"

"What for?"

"Because he brings May flowers."

The Soft Answer.

"John, don't you think I have worn this pair of shoes long enough?"

"No, dear. If they were long enough you wouldn't have had those corns."—Houston Post.

The Greater Annoyance.

Mrs. A.—Didn't her constant singing in the flat annoy you? Mrs. B.—Not so much as the constant flat in her singing.—Boston Transcript.

BATTLES WITH LOCUSTS.

In 1780 an Army Was Arrayed Against the Ravaging Pests.

Since the days of the pharaohs the locust has been an unmitigated plague. Pliny relates that in many places in Greece a law obliged the inhabitants to wage war against the insects three times a year—i. e., in their various states of egg, larvæ and adult.

In 1749 locusts stopped the army of Charles XII., king of Sweden, as it was retreating from Bessarabia after its defeat at Poltava. The king at first imagined that he was being assailed by a terrific hailstorm.

In Transylvania in 1780 the ravages of the locusts assumed such disastrous proportions that the army had actually to be called out to deal with the pests, and whole regiments of soldiers were employed gathering them up and putting them into sacks.

A weird, uncanny looking customer is the locust. The general color scheme of his body is a kind of indefinite green, relieved by pink legs and wings of a whitish color. Two huge, blank, unmeaning eyes give an expression of utter imbecility to the insect's countenance.

To atone in a measure for their destructive proclivities the locusts are edible. The Arabs are particularly fond of them. Camels, to which they are given after being dried and roasted between two layers of ashes, look upon locusts as great delicacies.

The flavor resembles that of crabs, and in Bagdad they are consumed so extensively as to affect the price of meat.—Sifray Stories.

A Judicial Reproof

A justice once reproved a would be suicide thus: "Young man, you have been found guilty of attempting to drown yourself in the river. Only consider what your feelings would have been had you succeeded."—Green Bag.

Wise Rosalind!

Reginald—Darling, I see by the papers that a food expert says that it is possible for a family to live on $4 a week. Do you think it possible?

Rosalind—No, dearest, but I'll be a sister to you!—Cleveland Leader.

One Man's Theory.

"No, I don't think women will ever succeed as railroad engineers."

"Why not?"

"They would lose too much time holding up their trains at crossing."—Boston Transcript.

It is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich.—Beecher.

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CIGARS AND TOBACCO
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We hold on Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

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Daily Dress Goods Sales

Thousands of yards of the newest—brought forward every day. Remember that Christmas is coming soon and nothing's nicer for a present than a Dress Goods Pattern. See how much you save!

New Bright Plaids, for children's dresses, **25c** yard.

All-wool Storm Serge, new colors and black, **50c** yard.

52-inch All-wool Broadcloth, new Fall and Winter shades, **75c** yard.

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85c Black Mohair, from Bradford, England, **59c** yard.

52-inch Black German Broadcloth; regular $1.50 yard, **95c**

Imitation Furs, Caracul, Persian Lamb, Broadtail, Persian Paw, Seal Plush and Astrachan, **$3.00** yard upwards.

Daily Silk Sales

This is a season of soft, "drapey" materials, and we are well supplied, having predicted the situation in time to get plenty.

40-inch Crepe de l'Opera, beautiful shades for evening and informal gowns, **$1.50.**

19-inch Liberty Messaline, pink, light blue, nile, lavender, yellow, rose, Copenhagen, peach, apricot, reseda, brown, navy, wistaria, amethyst, turquoise, wine, hunter, ivory, cream, black and white, **59c** yard.

Fashionable Marquisettes and Persian Silks, **59c** to **$1.50** yard.

Advance Holiday Sale now on of the Famous Haskell Black Silks, all weaves and widths from 19 inches to yard-wide, **75c** to **$2** yard.

Imported Silks, from France, Switzerland, Italy and Japan, warranted both by us and the makers, **75c** to **$2** yard.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

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ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per month, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $2.50 each.

Address all communications to HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 24, 1910.

A boom is under way for Secretary of State Philander C. Knox for United States Senator in opposition to Senator Geore T. Oliver. If Mr. Knox would accept he would make a very formidable showing for this office.

Champ Clark is expected to have opposition for speaker of the next House in James Hay of Virginia. Hay and Clark are not on very good terms and the former gentleman is after Clark's scalp on the speakership question.

We learn from the Bradford Sunday Herald that the Keystone party is going to be perpetuated in this county as well as a few others in this State where it polled a big vote. The Herald, which is in an excelsint position to know the inside workings of this yonug political organization, says that a full ticket will be placed in the field at the June primaries.

The Bradford Era says: The local postoffice contest has settled down to a trial of political strength between two prominent Republicans, Hon. H. H. North, the present incumbent, and Hon. R. P. Habgood, Republican county chairman and editor of the Bradford Star-Record. Both men have many friends and the contest will certainly be full of interest.

One hundred thousand dollars was offered to State Senator Eugene M. Travis of Brooklyn, in 1908, to vote against the anti-racetrack gambling bill, according to his sworn testimony before the legislative investigating committee. A mysterious little man, whose name he does not recall, made the offer in the lobby of the senate, he said in behalf of former Senator Frank J. Gardner. And Gardner, he added, confirmed it in a telephone conversation. Mr. Travis is the right kind of a man or he would have been tempted.

Dr. Crippen is doomed to hang today (Wednesday) for the murder of his wife in London. When Solicitor Arthur Newton, who conducted the defense for Crippen, was asked on Monday regarding the rumor that his client had confessed, he refused to confirm or deny the report. Father Carvine, Crippen's confessor, also refuses to discuss it. Regardless of the fact that officials of Scotland Yard denied the report that Crippen had confessed, it is asserted that a morning newspaper has obtained a confession from Crippen and in return will pay a large sum of money to Ethel Clare Le Neve.

Count Leo Tolstoi died peacefully Sunday morning at Astpova, a little hamlet in Russia, in the presence of his wife and children. He was a member of the aristocracy by birth right, but refused to enjoy the privileges which his position gave him. He sympathized with the poor and sought to relieve their condition in various ways. Any other man in Russia would have been banished to Siberia or put to death, for making public utterances such as Tolstoi made on state affairs. Tolstoi was closely watched and he had many enemies in the governing classes of Russia, yet, owing to his popularity among the people and in consequence of high personal character, he was immune to the rigors of official persecution.

Mexico is now in a state of revolution and the country is in a horrible state of unrest. From nearly every section comes stories of riot and bloodshed, the uprising against the government becoming general. Hundreds of officers and privates of the standing army are deserting and joining the rebels. The reports of the killed and wounded are undoubtedly over estimated, but even liberally discounted the number will run well into the hundreds. President Diaz has been too long in power. He is virtually in control of the government and long has been. His methods are not of a character to appeal to popular favor. He is by many regarded as a tyrant and hence the unrest. Added to this fact is this other important one in the fomenting of insurrection: A vast number of Mexicans are illiterate and it is easy for agitators to arouse the passions of those who are incapable of thinking intelligently for themselves on subjects relating to affairs of state. Madero and his fellow insurgents have been quietly working on the feelings of the populance since Madero failed to defeat Diaz at the polls some time ago. The results are now made manifest.

Whitewashing Trunks of Trees.

The following communication was sent to Prof. H. A. Surface, State Zoologist, Harrisburg, Pa., from Freewood, Pa.: "In the beginning of June last, I whitewashed the trunks of my peach trees, with good results. Is it advisible to repeat it this fall? When would you start pruning? I would like to have the Bulletins as they are issued. How would you dilute home boiled lime-sulfur solution for spraying the trunks of peach trees?

The reply was as follows:

"It is all right to whitewash the trunks of your trees as often as you wish. You will not hurt them, and it may do some good, but not a great deal. I would start pruning as soon as the leaves are off. Any of the commercial lime-sulfur washes will give you good results, if you do not dilute too much. Some are stronger than others.

"We have changed our monthly Bulletin to a quarterly, but we are placing your name on our free mailing list to receive these as issued.

"I would use home-boiled wash soon, as for San Jose scale when sprayed on trunks of peach trees, when either dormant or growing, if it be applied to the trunks alone. In other words, I should apply a mixture made by using about fifteen pounds of sulfur and fifteen pounds of lime, boiled together one hour, and diluted to fifty gallons. It does not make any difference how much water you take for the boiling.

"If you wish to make your own concentrated solution, you can easily do this by boiling two and one-fourth pounds of sulfur with one pound of lime in each gallon of water, boiling it an hour. Then strain and fill up to make up for the water that boiled away as steam, and store it in a closed vessel, and when you are ready, dilute by adding seven or eight times its bulk of water to each measure of this stored solution. This is really the same as the concentrated lime-sulfur, and you can make it when you have time and store it, and have good results with it. The best plan is to use a hydrometer to test its strength and test it so that when diluted it will be at 1.03 or stronger."

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

There is no doubt that Senator Aldrich and his co-laborers of the Monetary Committee will undertake at the coming session to put through a bill which will embody the commission's initial effort at currency reform. The Rhode Island Senator will retire from public life after the fourth of next March, and is ambitious to crown his service in the Senate by a measure which will reflect credit upon his name and promote the business welfare of the country. It is doubted however, in several quarters whether any legislation can be enacted at the short session save such as the regular appropriation bills, unless Congress will sit continuously during the time usually given to the holidays.

"Will a river and harbor bill be passed during the closing session of the 61st Congress?" is a question seriously agitating the friends of waterways throughout the country. If such a bill is to be passed it behooves those who are interested in the subject to "get busy" for serious opposition to such a bill is springing up largely due to the fact that the Engineer Corps of the Army has been unable to spend but a small part of the money appropriated by the last river and harbor bill because of the lateness of its passage.

As the National Rivers and Harbors Congress meets in Washington December 7, 8 and 9 next it is being urged by officials of that organization that this will be a most opportune time to emphasize the importance of a waterway bill at the coming session otherwise it may be two years before another bill improving rivers, harbors and canals of the country is passed.

"Failure to pass a river and harbor bill at the coming session would be a calamity," said Secretary Ellison of the Rivers and Harbors Congress. "It would put back the cause of waterway improvement a score of years."

The Senate Office Building shows unwonted animation just now with the return of Senators coming to the capital for the regular session beginning Monday, December 5. Already here, most of them having come to attend committee meetings which have had business during the recess, are Senators Burton of Ohio; Bourne of Oregon; Bailey and Culberson of Texas; Brandegee of Connecticut; Simmons of North Carolina; Burkett of Nebraska; Money of Mississippi; Piles of Washington; Borah of Idaho; McCumber of North Dakota; and Scott of West Virginia. Senator Burrows, who is chairman of the Lorimer investigating committee, expects to have his report ready by the time Congress meets.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt visited Washington this week for the first time since he quit the office of President, which he did in strenuous style, hurrying from the Capitol as soon as the new President took the oath of office to take his train for New York and Africa. It was a strange sight to Washington to view the Colonel going about town unattended by either Army or Secret Service officers.

Representative Leonidas F. Livingston, after twenty years a member of the House, having met defeat, still desires to retain connection with the House. He is the first Democratic "lame duck" to quack for a consolation place. He wants to be clerk, a position which pays $6500.

A screech owl will eat a quantity of food equal to a 10-pound leg of mutton, according to a statement advanced by Athea R. Sherman, of MacGregor, Ia., made at the twenty-eighth annual convention of the American Ornithologists' Union, which has been in session this week at the National Museum in this city. William Brewster of Cambride, Mass., discussed the "Courtship of the American Gold-Eye or Whistler."

Administer's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration in the estate of Edward Johnson, late of Hazelhurst, Pa., deceased, have been granted to F. T. Anderson. All persons having claims against said estate will present them duly verified and all persons indebted to said estate will pay the same to me.

F. T. ANDERSON,
Nov. 3-6t Administrator,
Hazelhurst, Pa., Nov. 3, 1910.

Horses, Carriages and Harness for Sale.

6 good horses, 10 to 11 hundred pounds, carriages, buggies, double and single driving harness for sale at prices that are right.

A. T. PALMER,
Nov. 24-3t At Palmer's Livery.
Smethport, Pa., Nov. 23, 1910.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. W. D. Morey spent Monday in Bradford.

James Quirk had business in Port Allegany on Friday.

William Blankenburg had business in Olean last Saturday.

Floyd Heath was visiting in Coudersport on Thanksgiving.

Deputy Sheriff J. L. Morrison was a Bradford visitor on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. V. B. Bouton were Bradford visitors on Saturday.

Mrs. C. G. Raymond of Mt. Jewett was a Smethport visitor last week.

Sheriff W. H. Morrison had business in Bradford this Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. C. E. Hafner left Monday for Olean where she expects to spend the winter.

Miss Alice Connolly is spending Thanksgiving with friends in Coudersport.

Earl Potter Hafner of the Mt. Jewett News spent Sunday with his parents in town.

L. L. Stillwelt, one of our trusted typos, is speding the week with friends in Roulette.

Miss Sylvia E. Lawrence was a business visitor in Mt. Jewett and Port Allegany last week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Larned of Syracuse are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Scott F. Redfield.

Mrs. O. H. Barker and daughter, Margaret, of Corry, are visiting friends and relatives in town.

Col. Melville Gillett returned home Tuesday evening from an extended business visit to Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hopper are spending Thanksgiving with her parents in Farmers Valley.

Miss Buelah Holder is spending Thanksgiving with her sister, Mrs. Studholme, in Port Allegany.

W. P. Mitchell left Saturday for Buffalo where he expects to take a position in the printing business.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hafner are spending Thanksgiving with their daughter, Mrs. Herman Grabe, at Austin.

Judge Joseph W. Bouton and Dr. Burg Chadwick left Saturday for a week's hunting trip in Clinton county.

Mrs. F. E. Tull returned home Monday from a visit to her brother, Dr. Henry Eastman, in Jamestown, N. Y.

Mrs. Sarah Blake returned to her home in Eldred last Friday after a visit with her daughter, Mrs. J. C. Backus.

Mrs. Ray Pickett, who has been the guest of Mrs. W. O. Herzog for the past week, has returned to her home in Warren.

Miss Katheryn Morey left this (Wednesday) morning for Kane where she will visit Mr. and Mrs. John Knapp.

Mrs. Kate Hanley who has been visiting friends in town for the past week returned Tuesday to her home in Duquesne, Pa.

Miss Margaret Howe of Instanter, Pa., was the guest of Mrs. George Howe last week, returning home on Saturday.

Mrs. Glenni Chase spent Tuesday in Johnsonburg and Wednesday in Bradford, returning home this (Wednesday) evening.

Miss Anna Nelson returned from Port Allegany on Saturday, where she had been visiting relatives and friends for a few weeks.

Just Those Yankees.

It is rather brazen for Connecticut to come along with a ready-cooked-potato plant when its wooden nutmeg bush hasn't yet been listed in the floral catalogues.

SIRES AND SONS.

B. F. Keith, the theatrical man, started with a circus.

The ex-shah of Persia, Mohammed Ali, has been invited to join the board of directors of a bank in Poljakov.

Oliver Harriman, president of the Westchester county fair and a well known New York clubman, and his wife are enthusiastic balloonists.

Levi P. Morton, who was vice president of the United States when Benjamin Harrison was president, recently observed his eighty-sixth birthday.

John L. Stoddard, for a long time in the public eye with illustrated lectures of travel, now lives quietly at his place on Lake Como, Italy, and devotes his time to writing.

Franklin M. Gunther, third secretary of the American embassy in Paris, has been recalled to Washington. It is understood that he is to be assigned to the diplomatic service in South America.

Colonel William Bender Wilson of Philadelphia, who was manager of the military telegraph during the first eleven months of the civil war, has been re-elected president of the Military Telegraph society.

Frank Watson Dyson has been appointed royal astronomer by King George of England. Mr. Dyson is forty-two years old and has been noted for his scientific attainments for years. He was appointed royal astronomer for Scotland in 1905 and had been secretary of the Royal Astronomical society for six years previously.

The Writers.

Gabriele d'Annunzio, the poet and playwright, will visit America early in 1911 and deliver a series of lectures.

Herbert George Wells, the English story writer and essayist, is forty-four years old. He was educated at a private school, but afterward specialized in science and took his degree at London university. He used his scientific knowledge effectively in his earlier books.

Curtis Hidden Page is a noted French scholar as well as a poet. He was professor of romance languages at Columbia university before going to the Northwestern university as professor of English literature last year. He has written and edited many books, including some standard collections of poetry.

The Cookbook.

A nice way to serve creamed chicken is with a border of curried rice.

Cakemakers sometimes use a knitting needle to loosen a cake from the side of a scalloped tin. A knife is likely to break or cut into the cake.

When about to make a pie that calls for a cover of criscross strips of pastry, try, instead, covering the top with stars of the crust. It is pretty to look at and gives the openwork arrangement.

For "duchess potatoes" cut cold boiled potatoes into cubes, season them with salt and pepper, dip them into melted butter, sprinkle lightly with flour and bake on a plate fifteen minutes. Serve very hot.

Current Comment.

The fall of the throne of Portugal furnishes another opportunity to blame things on a woman.—Baltimore Sun.

A new department store opened in New York had 400,000 customers the first day. It advertised.—Boston Globe.

Now the sultan of Sulu says that one wife is a plenty. Thus he destroys his usefulness as a comic opera prop.—Chicago News.

A man has invented false teeth which give forth musical sounds. We shall have grand opera in every home pretty soon, and then the big singers will come down in their prices.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Short Stories.

Genuine amber is becoming scarcer every year.

Sheep seem to be able to subsist on the poorest land of South America's farthest extremity.

Successful efforts to reclaim waste marsh lands by raising celery are being made in Bermuda.

Of the United States' annual paint and varnish bill of $200,000,000 the railroads pay about one-tenth.

In the canal zone it is the custom to keep electric lights burning inside pianos to prevent the wires rusting.

Tales of Cities.

The city of London uses about 225,500,000 gallons of water a day.

The central plaza and several entire streets in Valparaiso, Chile, are being raised about forty inches.

More than one-half of the buildings erected in New York city in the last seven years have gone on sites from where really good structures have been removed. In that time 11,254 buildings have been demolished.

Soulful.

Unmarried persons, says Laura Jean, are half souls. What are the much married, much divorced persons?—Chicago Record-Herald.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox says the soul of every noted person in history is lodged in somebody's body. That of Ananias must be well split up.—Exchange.

Dr. G. Stanley Hall proclaims that woman has two souls. Now you know why so many married men can't call their souls their own.—Cleveland Leader.

WE TALK TO YOU

In Our Advertisements Just as We would talk with a

FRIEND, FACE TO FACE

Men's Fine Suits
Positively the best value in town at
$10.00 to $22.50

Boy's Good Clothes
The best to be had for the money
$2.50 to $7.00

We will not exaggerate. We will not lead you to expect one bit more than we can give. Rather would we have you find things at this store better than we claim than to raise your expectations in vain. We want your confidence.

H. W. Rubin,
Smethport, Pa.

EXECUTOR'S AND ADMINISTRATOR'S

SALE OF STOCKS

Notice is hereby given, that D. C. Young as administrator of the Estate of F. O. Richmond, late of Smethport, Pa., and as Executor of the Estate of Mary E. Richmond, late of said Borough of Smethport, will sell at

PUBLIC SALE

to the highest and best bidder, at

The Court House in the Borough of Smethport, Pa. on Wednesday, December 14, 1910 at 2 o'clock, P. M.

the following shares of Stocks belonging to the Estate of F. O Richmond, to wit:

Shares	Company	Par Val. Each
15	Leader Specialty Manufacturing Company	$100.00
2000	Gold Knob Mining and Town Site Company	1.00
200	The Pride of the West Mining and Milling Company	10.00
1466	The Big Five Tunnel, Ore Reduction and Transportation Company	1.00
1600	The United Gold Mines Company	1.00
1500	Uinta Tunnel, Mining and Transportation Company	1.00
2000	The Morning Glory Gold Mining Company	.25
3000	The Victor Mines and Land Company	1.00
500	The Gold Coin Mining and Leasing Company	1.00
500	Azurite Copper and Gold Mining Company	1.00
40	North American Copper Company	

Also the following Shares of Stock belonging to the Estate o Mary E. Richmond

3000	The Gold Dollar Consolidated Mining Company	.10
500	The Bonanza Contact Mining Company	1.00
8	Inca Mining Company	100.00
1	Nunundah Butter & Cheese Co., Limited	100.00

Terms of sale, Cash at time of sale.

Sheridan Gorton
Attorney

D. C. Young
Administrator of F. O. Richmond
D. C. Young
Executor of Mary E. Richmond

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 14, 1910.

Love Atonement for All.

It has been said that a man may starve his wife, may even beat her, yet keep her love if between blows he assures her of his love and heals the bruises with kisses. Certain it is that the woman who loves a man can always find excuse for and condone any offense of which he may be guilty so long as she believes in his love for herself.—Exchange.

CHARLEY WAH
HAND LAUNDRY
For Ladies and Gentlemen
Work Finished on Third Day
Under Heath's Barber Shop

Tell Me
YOUR WANTS
And you will be surprised at the low price of my SINKS, TUBS, ETC.
Second door from the POST OFFICE.
E. W. STRONG

McCall's Patterns

The Lindholm Company,

Friday morning we will place 50 Trimmed hats on sale at prices to sell them quick.

$2.50 Hats @ $1.29
$2.75 " " $1.49
$3.00 " " $1.98
$4.00 " " $2.98

In the Coat department, we offer 25 Childrens' Coats size 4 to 12 years values to $6.00 @ $1.98

Also 1 Lot of Misses and Childrens Coats sizes 6 to 14 values to $9.00 @ $3.75

These are not cheap coats but Good Coats Cheap.

Misses, Childrens and Boys Wool Underwear

A line of odd sizes in Natural Wool and Camels' Hair underwear at about half its real value. Not all sizes. But money savers in the sizes we have.

Ladies and Childrens Wool Gloves and Mittens

Assortment of colors and sizes, were sold for more. Your choice 25 cts.

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Send him off to his work with a good breakfast
You can prepare it Easily and Quickly by using
THE
UNIVERSAL
FOOD
CHOPPER
Hash for the family chopped in two minutes. Chops everything else with like rapidity.
At Best Hardware Stores
See that "UNIVERSAL" is on the machine you buy.
There are inferior imitations.
THE GENUINE IS SOLD BY
Daly & Garlick

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 24, 1910.

Local and General.

—We go to press on Wednesday of this week in order that the force may properly give thanks.

—Jesse Sillies of Clermont was among the lucky ones to shoot a good sized buck last Saturday.

—Miss Bessie Engstrom entertained about twenty friends at her home on East Main street Monday evening.

—Dan Cooper was out hunting on Monday and he says he got three partridges, two rabbits and a broken rib.

—A dance will be given at the Lyceum after the show Thanksgiving night. Tickets 50 cents for two hours dancing.

—Mrs. Joseph W. Bouton entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on West Main street this, Wednesday, afternoon.

—The Travellers' Club will meet at the home of Mrs. T. A. Morrison on West Main street Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

—A party of Erie hunters bagged a big black bear near Kane on Saturday. Bruin weighed 420 pounds and was a fine specimen.

—The "Passing of the Third Floor Back" with Ian Robertson as the Stranger, will be the attraction at the Bradford theatre on Thanksgiving Day, matinee and night.

—Frank Digel of Farmers Valley and Elmer Roeder of Austin killed a good sized buck near Austin last Friday. The buck weighed 140 pounds and was a fine specimen.

—It has been reported here that several hunters up Potato creek have been hounding deer and a detachment of mounted police is expected to appear in our midst without delay.

—Miss Mattie Backus fell through a defective place in the platform of the Smethport Lyceum last Monday and tore loose the ligaments in her right ankle. She is confined to the house at the present time.

—"Doc" Hazen and Frank Cummings went on a bear hunt Monday morning. They struck bruin's trail near the head of Irish Hollow and after following it for about five miles somebody headed them off and they came home.

—The Lemon Club held a dance at the Lyceum Tuesday evening. About thirty couples were present and spent an enjoyable evening. Chadwick's orchestra furnished music and an excellent luncheon was served by Miss Pattison.

—Mrs. C. C. Choate entertained a number of little tots at her home Wednesday afternoon in honor of the second birthday of her son, Homer. It is needless to say that all the little ones and their mothers had a delightful time.

—Lieutenant Governor Robert S. Murphy will deliver the memorial address to the Bradford Lodge of Elks at the Grand Theatre on Sunday, Dec. 4. He has notified the local lodge of his acceptance of the invitation to deliver the address.

—Elmer Burdick and a friend named McLaughlin of Norwich township killed a large buck near John B. Oviatt's home on the West Branch of Potato creek last Friday. The deer was only a short distance from Oviatt's house when he was bagged.

—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Miller (formerly of Smethport), are visiting Professor and Mrs. J. K. Burkett at Los Angeles. Professor Burkett was for thirty-two years inspector of and teacher in the normal school of the Hawaiian Islands.—News, Whittier, Cal.

—A party of Whittier people who enjoyed themselves at the seaside city of Long Beach Sunday was composed of Mrs. E. C. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Miller (formerly of Smethport, Charles Miller, Mrs. Fred Woodward. The party was joined at Los Angeles by Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Burkett and Mrs. Evans.—News, Whittier, Cal.

—The Masonic lodge rooms over Specht & Sasse's store has undergone extensive repairs in the past few days and now presents a very attractive appearance. A new steel ceiling has been put on and a beautiful chandelier placed in the center of the room. This with a new carpet and excellent furniture which have recently been installed brings the lodge rooms up to a high standard.

—Tuesday night a young man named McKean who resides on Marvin creek presented a disgraceful scene on Main street by cursing and trying to pick up a fight with a gentleman over eighty years of age. Later he was picked up by the police and given a night's lodging in the lockup. We hope this will be a lesson to the young man.

—The "Human Hearts" company played to a small audience at the Smethport Lyceum Monday evening. This is the third time this excellent drama has been produced in Smethport, which in a measure accounts for the small audience. It is said that the producing company did not handle the play as well as it has been given on previous occasions.

—At about 7 o'clock this Monday evening, fire was discovered in a barn owned by A. R. Cory, some distance from where he lives on Pierce Brook and soon was entirely consumed. How it caught fire is a mystery as no one had been near it as far as was known since Saturday last, when Orlo Cory, son of A. R. Cory, got a cutter out to take to the blacksmith shop to have repaired, and in so doing had taken out a runner and bobsleds to get at it, and fortunately had not put them back, so they were saved. A small quantity of straw was in the barn. The loss is estimated between seven and eight hundred dollars, with an insurance of three hundred and fifty dollars.

—The Catholic fair which ended last Saturday night was a great success both socially and financially. The gross income was $1270 and the total expense will amount to about $200, leaving the net receipts something over $1000. The dances Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights were largely attended and all had a delightful time. The booths were unusually well filled and netted a tidy sum for the fair.

—A Selins Grove, Pa., dispatch says When John Weller, a farmer of Summit village near here, entered his barnyard Saturday morning he was surprised to discover that his prize breeding sow had adopted two bear cubs. Nearby was the she bear, apparently indifferent over the act that the cubs had forsaken her. Upon the arrival of Weller the bear ambled off, leaving the sow in possession of the two bundles of fur.

—"In Old Virginia" a four act comedy drama, will be presented at Hazelhurst November 30th by the Hazelhurst Dramatic Company for the benefit of the "H. H." Basket Ball Team. The cast, without a doubt, is one of the best amateur companys in the county, as all have appeared in public before and always acquitted themselves in excellent style. A good play is looked for.

—It was reported about town last Thursday that someone at the big woods had killed the famous "Grape Vine Buck" which roams the wilds of the headwaters of the East Branch and that this monarch weighed 240 pounds. However this proved to be a false alarm, and the mighty buck is still at liberty. Frank Oviatt, the well-known big-game hunter of the West Branch has had several shots at the big fellow, but Fortune seems to favor the buck and thus far he has never even been wounded.

—Justice Gleason had a very interesting case before him Monday evening. Some foreigners who had a wood cutting job on Cole creek got into a quarrel between themselves and one charged the boss with selling liquor without a license. The evidence produced was rather racy in spots even if it was not exactly to the point and after the "Judge" got his ear full he discharged the accused as they were all about to leave the community.

—Perhaps the largest deer killed in this section this year was shot by Eber Dennison of Colegrove on Thursday of last week. He got a big buck near the head of Christian Hollow that weighed 175 pounds and his many friends are feasting on venison these days. This with above notices goes to show that the game laws which forbid the killing of anything but a buck with visible horns and the short season is doing much to increase the supply of deer in this vicinity.

—Miss Rose Allen, a teacher in the Smethport schools for a number of years, has been forced to give up her work for the present at least on account of a nervous breakdown. Her nerves are in such a condition that she has almost entirely lost her voice and she is confined to the house at the present time. Miss Allen has been one of our most successful teachers and she has many friends here who wish for her speedy recovery. Miss Sarah Greer has accepted the position vacated by Miss Allen.

—"It's up to you" not to miss seeing "Dare Devil Dan" at the Lyceum Saturday, December 10, W. F. Mann's newest and best production. It's a western play, so realistic that you actually smell the alfalfa and alkali. The costuming is far above the average and the musical numbers written by Peters and Atteridge especially for this production will be hummed and whistled along the streets before Wednesday, so therefore we repeat it's up to you not to miss seeing "Dare Devil Dan."

—C. M. Colegrove, C. B. Stull and John F. Rooney, viewers appointed by the court to inquire into the need of new bridges in Bradford and to ascertain if the county should pay a portion of the cost thereof, have filed their report. They recommended that the county pay two-thirds of the cost of a bridge over the Tuna at Main street and that the city pay one-third. The proposed Mill street bridge, it is recommended, shall be paid for entirely by the city. The grand jury will pass upon the report at the next court of quarter sessions.

—The borough ordinances forbidding coasting and skating on the sidewalks and throwing snowballs on the principal streets should be more rigidly enforced. Nearly all of the sidewalks in town are dangerous enough when there is snow and ice on them but they are made doubly so by children coasting and skating on them, and then when this nuisance is intermingled with cannonades of snowballs the ordinary pedestrian has but little show. We are not complaining on our own account for up to this writing we have neither fallen nor been pelted with a snowball, but other less fortunate citizens, have entered numerous complaints.

HUNTERS HEAVILY FINED.

They Were Hunting Deer With Hounds and it Cost Them $265.

When the season opened for hunting deer on Wednesday of last week a party of nimrods from Johnstown came up into this county and started in pursuit of deer near Gardeau, which is in the eastern end of Norwich township. They had not been there long before local sportsmen were aware of the fact that they were hounding deer. This fact was brought to the attention of a detachment of the mounted State Police who are at present located in Coudersport.

They at once commenced to look into the matter and on Monday the officers were in possession of sufficient evidence to make arrests. They gathered in the whole party of seven and brought them to Port Allegany for hearing.

Two of the men in the party had each killed a deer and these men pleaded guilty before Justice M. N. Allen and their fines and costs amounted to $265, which was paid and we understand the whole crowd immediately pulled up stakes and departed for their homes, poorer but wiser.

THE "GRAPE VINE" BUCK KILLED.

Frank Oviatt Does Some Shooting and Brings Him Down.

News reached here Tuesday evening that Frank Oviatt had at last succeeded in bringing down the old "Grape Vine" buck that has been the monarch of the Big Woods for several years past, and for which Frank has traveled a good many miles and wasted several rounds of ammunition.

This big buck was a foxy old fellow and Frank had to do some shooting to bring him down. He and his brother, Milo, had been on his trail for several days but could not get sight of him. Tuesday morning while on a hill he looked across the valley, through which flows the Little Elk and saw the big buck on the other hill about eighty rods away. This was a pretty long shot but Frank knew he could get no better chance so he opened fire and the fourth shot brought him down.

When he reached him he was pleased to see the "Grape Vine" buck that he had so long been hunting and that three of the four shots had taken effect, one right through the heart. This is some extraordinary shooting and we cannot help but feel that there was an element of luck in the performance.

The big fellow will weigh over 200 pounds and is not fat at that. In a talk with Frank over the 'phone Tuesday night he said he was the finest specimen he ever killed.

Quality in Laundry Work.

It's when our work is compared with others that it's superiority is fully realized.

There is an entire absence of the usual small blemishes upon your work, because each worker through whose hands the work passes, desires to excel, and takes an individual interest in producing perfect work.

Try our work and see for yourself how much better the quality and how much more satisfactory the service

KANE STEAM LAUNDRY CO.,
Both 'Phones.

RALPH WHITE, Agent,
Nov.17-2t Smethport, Pa.

SPANK HIM

and you will wear out the seat of his Pants.

Leave Him Alone

and he will wear them out anyway. But we have

Boys' Combination Suits

which will last longer because there are two pairs of Knickerbocker Pants with each Suit. Your boy needs such a Suit, —they are stylish and built to wear.

Price $3.50 to $6.50

MONHEIMER'S

You Don't Need to See the Darning Basket for Six Months

Put your darning basket away in the closet—you won't need it for six months when you buy the first box of Holeproof Hosiery.

Darning is now almost a thing of the past. For with every box of "Holeproof" we give a written guarantee to replace any pair that needs darning in six months. Instead of taking out your darning basket you merely take out a coupon and get a new pair of hose free—isn't that simple?

The makers pay 63 cents a pound for the finest Egyptian and Sea Island Cotton. Common hose are often made from cotton at 12 cents a pound. Yet the common hose sell for the same price as "Holeproof."

"Holeproof" uses 3-ply in the body and 6-ply in the heels, toes and knees. Ordinary hose are made from 2-ply yarn throughout. You pay no more for "Holeproof" but it wears six times longer.

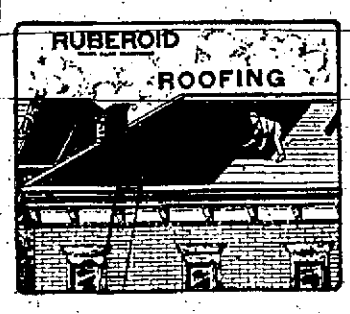
Come in and see this hosiery. Note the style and comfort—see how light and soft it is. Then, if you can, continue using the common hosiery.

Reg. U.S. Pat. Office, 1906

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

FRY & COMES,

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFIN

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
SMETHPORT PENN'A.

GOOD RESOLUTION FOR 1910.

You have probably made several good resolutions for this year but its not to late to make another—one that will promote the welfare of both yourself and your family.

Resolve to buy Drugs and Drug Store Goods at OUR Store.

You'll find that a very easy resolution to keep. After once learning how carefully we guard customers' interests you will doubtless be willing to go even out of your way to trade here. Goods of higher quality than we carry are not obtainable, and our service is one we are sure you'll appreciate. Quality considered, no one can sell at lower prices. May we serve you this year? Respectfully,

WELLS' DRUG STORE

BROWNELL NEXT DOOR TO GRANGE BANK

NO Dry Goods, Liquors or Hardware

BUT EVERYTHING IN GROCERIES

FAMILY FAVORITE ILLUMINATING OIL
Burns white, clear and steady to the last drop. For the sake of everyone in the family insist upon having
Family Favorite Lamp Oil
Smokeless—Sootless—Odorless—Costs no more than inferior tank-wagon kinds. Saves eyes—saves money. Your dealer has it in barrels direct from our refineries.
Waverly Oil Works Co.—Independent Refiners—Pittsburg, Pa.
Also makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil and Waverly Gasolines.

JUST A WORD
—WE CARRY—
FURNITURE AND CARPETS
In a large assortment and can please all customers.
SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St F. H. Hungiville, SMETHPORT

MY UNKNOWN FRIEND.

A Flow of Wealth Came From a Hidden Source.

By THOMAS R. DEAN.

[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

I was thirty years old and had not saved a penny when I fell in love with Emma Earle. I told her of my love, but also told her that we could not be anything more to each other than friends owing to my ill success. She was a practical girl and admitted that a man who had reached my age and had not forged ahead at all was very unlikely ever to be able to support a family comfortably.

"You are too good-hearted," she said, "to achieve financial success. Most of the wealth attained is by saving. To save one must shut one's eyes to other people's needs, their sufferings."

I was obliged to admit that there was a lot of good sense in this, though it was not in accordance with the teachings of Christianity, which Emma and I both professed. It seemed best for us to give up all idea of mar-

HE TURNED AND STARTED TO RUN.

riage, though we concluded to remain friends. This was a very unsatisfactory arrangement and was very wearing on both of us.

One day I received a letter which read as follows:

Office of the Acme Mining Company,
Antelope, Colo., Oct. —, —.

Dear Sir—I intend to open an office in New York for the transaction of the business of our company, principally the transfer of shares. You have been recommended to me as a suitable person to take charge of this office. The salary attached will be $150 a month. The position is open to you. If you accept please notify me. Yours truly,

SAMUEL LANGFORD,
President.

Who Samuel Langford was or why he had recommended me to him I had not the remotest idea. Nevertheless I made inquiries about the Acme Mining company and learned that it was a paying institution, the shares standing considerably above par. Langford owned a majority of the stock. He lived at Antelope, giving all his attention to the mine. I endeavored in every way to get a clew as to why he, a stranger to me, had taken me up and enabled me to earn nearly twice the income I had ever earned before, but I failed.

I wrote accepting the position, at the same time requesting Mr. Langford to tell me why I had been selected to fill it. Neither in the return letter nor in any that followed did he make any reference to my request. In due time I found myself in charge of his eastern business, which was principally transferring stock, though I often made purchases for him and shipped the goods to him at Antelope. After awhile I wrote him to know if he was satisfied with me and if the position was likely to be permanent. He replied to both questions in the affirmative.

Emma and I concluded to get married, though she insisted that we live on two-thirds of our income and save the other third. I assented to this, but owing to wedding expenses it was two months before we were able to begin our saving, and on the third month an old friend called on me with a pitiful story of sickness at home and nothing with which to buy either provisions or medicines and our savings for that month went to him.

I had scarcely given him the money when I received a letter from my employer advising me (confidentially) to put what money I had into the stock of the company. My wife insisted on replying to his letter, telling him that I hadn't a cent to invest and why. He replied to her that he had bought 1,000 shares of the stock of the company for me and would hold it till he thought it time to sell. We were somewhat surprised, but Emma, who is a level headed woman and had no confidence in mining stocks—and justly so—said that we wouldn't presume on any profit we might make.

It was only a week after the receipt of Mr. Langford's letter that on going to my office one morning I found a crowd of investors there waiting for me to transfer shares. They told me that they had bought under private advices and intimated that there was a movement of some kind on foot. The shares had raised a few points on the market and the next day made a sudden jump. Then reports came that a very rich vein had been struck in the Acme mine. The price of the shares continued to rise for a week or two, then, after slight fluctuations, settled down to about 200 per cent above what it had been when I was advised to buy it.

One morning I received a check from my employer for about $2,000, payable to my wife's order. There was no letter accompanying it, but pinned to it was a bit of paper on which was written, "Profit on 1,000 shares of Acme mining stock." Emma and I had watched the rise in the price of the stock and knew that if our mysterious friend had really bought the shares for us we would have the profit sent us, but my wife insisted that there would be some reason why we wouldn't get it. When it came we were almost as surprised as if we had known nothing about the matter. We were certainly delighted.

And now we began to be consumed by a gnawing curiosity as to who was our unknown friend. We spent all our leisure time trying to think of some one who for some reason had thus favored us, going over every relative and every friend both of hers and mine. I recalled a number of persons to whom I had loaned or given small sums of money, but not one of them had ever prospered, and certainly none of them was named Langford.

I received my $2,000 at a time when, owing to a financial panic, there were many bargains to be picked up in dividend paying stocks. I invested the amount and within ten months had doubled my capital—that is, I owned $4,000 of securities paying me a good interest. About a year after my first acquisition Mr. Langford telegraphed me one morning to buy some shares of the Sarah Ann company, located in the vicinity of the Acme mine. I put my $4,000 into the venture. In a short time news came that an extension of the valuable vein in the Acme mine had been struck in the Sarah Ann. I bought the shares of the latter at 7 cents and sold them for $2.

I had now an income sufficient to support my family very comfortably without earning a cent by my own labor. I determined to go to Colorado and find out who this man was who had placed a fortune in my hand. I wrote him that I proposed to put some one in the office to attend to the business during my absence and would be with him in a couple of weeks.

I received a reply to this letter notifying me that he would be in New York before long and if I wished to see him I could then have an opportunity, but that it would avail me nothing, since I would not see one who was at all familiar to me. As for the thanks I had sent him, he had much more reason to thank me than I had to thank him.

After the receipt of this information Emma and I again racked our brains to remember some one who was thus indebted to me, but met with no better success than before. Langford continued to post me as to what mining shares to buy or to sell, but never did so except on accurate information of the mines.

A time came when my investments gave me all the income I required, and I resolved to investigate my benefactor. Without notifying him of my intention, I went to Colorado, and one morning appeared in his office, which meanwhile had been removed to Colorado Springs. A man over fifty years of age was pointed out to me by the clerks as Langford. I advanced to make myself known. He rose, pressed my hand and said to me:

"Dine with me this evening at my house. Meanwhile say nothing to any one here about our connection."

He bowed me out, and to kill time I went about indirectly pumping people about my benefactor. No one knew anything of his antecedents before he came to Colorado in a very forlorn condition and went about with a pick like any other prospector. In time he found a hole which promised well and sold it for enough to set him up comfortably as a mine seeker. Other mines fell into his hands, the Acme from his having grubstaked its finder. Since he acquired the controlling interest in that mine he had made money rapidly.

When I met Mr. Langford at his house I saw not only by his manner and mode of living, but by his family, that he was a man sprung from the lowly walks of life. After dinner he took me into a private room. We lit cigars, and he said:

"Do you remember one morning, when you were about eighteen years old, walking on a road with a shotgun on your shoulder and meeting an escaped jailbird?"

"Yes. Tell me something more."

"On seeing you he turned and started to run. You pointed your gun at him and called on him to halt. Being defenseless he gave himself up."

"I remember very well. But go on."

"He told you how he had been born in poverty in the city; how without parents to guide him, after he was some six years old, he had fallen into such a life as such boys must inevitably fall into and had at last been sent to state prison. There, under the influence of a lovely woman who ministered to the prisoners, he had attained to a desire to lead a different life. He had escaped. His story touched your heart. You went to your home and brought him some clothes. He concealed his stripes in a wood. You gave him all the money you had with you, $18.63, and sent him on his way into a new world. I am that man, and I vowed then that if I ever became prosperous I would hunt you up and return your loan with interest."

"I have gone over every person I have ever helped," I replied, "and remembered you, but I never dreamed that I was indebted for my good fortune to a former jailbird."

THE HONEYMOON.

It Didn't Mean What Mr. Tomson Supposed.

By F. A. MITCHEL.

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I allus heered dat de milliferous time wid married people wa' de honeymoon.

Somep'n happen one day to gib me some sperience 'bout dis yere honeymoon. One mawnin' I wa' drivin' ma spress wagon, takin' some trunks fom one house to anodder house out in de country, when I pass by de fa'm ob my frien', Pete Johnsing. Pete wa' only twenty-eight years old an' a might' fine nigga. He had saved up he money and bought a beautiful fa'm, wid a good house on it an' plenty ob stock an' de tools fo' farmin'.

"Mista Johnsing," I says, says I, "yo' got de nices' leetle fa'm in de county—well stocked, two mules and a cow, besides yo' chickens. Yo' ought to be might' thankful to de Lawd, Mista Johnsing, fo' de blessin's he's heaped on yo'."

Pete, who wa' a-leanin' on his hoe lookin' kind o' sollum, he says, says he:

"Mista Tomson, yo' don' reckon on my wo'kin' dis yere fa'm all alone. I haint got no one to cook a meal's vittals fo' me; I has to mak' up ma bed in de mawin' masself, an' git ma own suppa'. Den I sets all alone till bedtime. Haint no house mo' near'n a mile away, an' hits might' lonesome. Fus' t'ing I know, somep'n crack like a pistol, an' I jump; den I hear somp'n singin' outside jes like a h'a'nt wa' goin' by. After dat de do' blow op'n all on a suddent an' out go de candle. I must' up courage to slam de do' shet an' lock it; den I go cober up ma face wid de bedclothes. No, Mista Tomson, de blessin's de Lawd has settled on me haint wha' dey cracked up to be."

Wha' I betteh done was t' punch Bob twid de stump of de whip an' git 'long. It must 'a' bin de debbel dat made me say somep'n wha' got me all mixed up in udder people's doin's.

"Mista Johnsing," I says, says I, "why don' yo' git a wife fo' t' keep yo' company?"

Pete tuk de hoe in de udder han' an' stood on de udder leg an' tooked up to hebben 's if he wa' expectin' t' see

"I HOPE 'TWON'T MAK' YO' HAID ACHE, MISTA TOMSON."

one ob de angels done come down fo' t' marry him. Enmyhow, he wa' doin' up a pow'ful job of t'inkin', an' he says, says he:

"Mista Tomson, how cum yo' haint got no wife yo'self?"

An' I says, says I, scratchin' ma haid, "Mista Johnsing, I don' git lonesome nohow."

Pete, he do some more t'inkin', an' he says, says he, "Mista Tomson, do yo' know enny likely gal dat would come in yere an' be a comfo't to me?"

De debbel wa' a settin' beside me ready to whisper in my ea', an' he said, "Tell him 'bout Mandy Jones," an' I said, says I:

"Yes, Mista Johnsing, I does know a likely gal, an' I'm t'inkin' she would like to git maaried. I've knowed her eber since she wa' a pickanniny, an' I kin recommend her fo' cookin' an' washin' an' all dem t'ings wha' are necessary fo' de comfort ob de home."

An' Mista Johnsing he looked at me kind a ha'd, an' he says, says he, "Mista Tomson, ef yo' know all dis 'bout de gal how cum yo' don' marry her yo'self?"

Dat wa' a might' ha'd question fo' t' answer. I scratched ma haid ag'in an' said, "Didn' I tole yo' I wa'n't lonesome?"

"Maybe she won' marry yo'," he said.

"Don' know nuttin' 'bout dat," I said.

"I nebber axed her."

Well, I sat dar in de wagon talkin' t' Pete Johnsing fo' an hour o' mo', an' I made it up dat I gwine to do him an' Mandy a favor. I wa' t' tell Mandy dat a might' fine nigga wid a fa'm wa' wantin' a wife, an' I wa' t' tell Pete dat a might' fine gal wanted a husban', but Pete done knowed dat already, an' I wa' to bring 'em togedder.

De debbel wa' layin' fo' me, dissuadin' me to mix maself up in udder people's business, an' when he done made me promise dis he done climb down off de seat an' went away chucklin'. I driv' on, t'inkin' what a fine t'ing I wa' gwine to do fo' Pete Johnsing an' Mandy Jones.

Bimeby Pete Johnsing he marry Mandy Jones. I wa' at de weddin' maself. I didn't say nuttin', but when de woemen folks look at me an' say, "Mista Tomson, I heern yo' made dis match," an' "Mista Tomson, de groom an' de bride ought t' be berry thankful to you fo' bringin' 'em togedder," I felt might' proud o' maself an' went roun' jis' 's if I wa' at a cake walk. After de ceremony Pete come up to me lookin' 's if somebody 'd doused a bucket o' joy all ober him, an' he says, says he, "Mista Tomson, dis am de happiest day o' ma life, an' I reckon yo' gwine done 't all." An' Mandy she so happy she jis' put her arms 'bout ma' neck, an' she say, "How I gwine thank yo' nuf fo' gibbin' me sich a might' fine hus'ban'?" I tell yo' I wa' de cock o' de walk at dat wedd'in'.

Everybody tole me dat since I'd been de cause ob he maarin' I mus' make a call. I axed Mrs. Sprigglin's when de proper time come to mak' de call, an' she said after de honeymoon wa' ober. I axed her when de honeymoon wa' ober, an' she says, says she:

"I duano. Wid some 'spec hit's ober might' soon; wid udders dey keep on fightin' right along."

"Yo' mean lubbin'," I says, says I, t'inkin' she wa' funnin'.

"Yo' bette' go git married yo'self Den yo'll know." And she went off a-sniffin'.

I didn't t'ink nuttin' 'bout dis; but, scein' I didn't know when de honeymoon war ober, I jis' concluded I'd go mak' de call anyway. If wa' two weeks after de weddin', an' I heern, as I said, dat de honeymoon lasts a month. But I didn't keer. I jis' put on de clothes Cunnel Appleton gib me, an' I went to de Johnsing fa'm. I walked along t'inkin' of I mak' Pete so happy why I not gwine to mak maself happy de same way. I wa' t'inkin' ober de guls dat I knowed wha' would mak' me as joyful as Mandy made Pete when I put ma hand on de gate ob dere home. I heern somep'n go bang agin de do'. Den I didn' heah eany mo', an' I gwine up t' do do' an' knocked. Nobody didn' ax me to come in, so I jis' opened de do'.

Pete wa' a-standin' by de beaury, scowlin', an' Mandy by de stove, lookin' like de cloud comin' befo' de hurricane.

"I thought I heern somep'n drap," I says, says I.

"Reckon yo' did heah somep'n drap," says Pete, says he. "Mandy jes' done frow a flatiron at me."

"Wha' fo', Mista Tomson," said Mandy, said she, "yo' go tie me up wid a man lak dat! Befo' yo' brought me an' Pete togedder I wa' happy as de day wa' long, singin' an' laughin' lak a leetle kitten. An' now"—

"De claws done growed," de husband butted in.

Mandy grab anudder flatiron an' frow it at Pete. Pete done dodged behin' me, an' fus' t'ing I knowed I didn' know nothin'. When I did know somep'n I wa' lyin' on de bed; Pete wa' a-swabbin' ma haid, an' Mandy wa' a-mopplin' up ma blood on de flo'.

"Might' fine way," says Pete, says he, "to treat yo' after yo' make yo'self a go-between to get her a husban'."

"Mista Johnsing," says I, I says, "de next couple I's a go-between fo' after I done it I won't come back so soon. I rudder be between 'em when dey's doin' de co'tin' dan durin' de honeymoon when de flatirons is flyin'."

"Sarves yo' right," says Mandy, says she, "fo' makin' a match between a innercent leetle gal an' a low down nigga!"

I put ma han' up to ma haid an' felt de bones. De flatiron done struck it square, but ma haid didn't mind a leetle t'ing lak dat 'cept fo' de blood, so I git up an' I says, says I:

"Mista an' Mrs. Johnsing, please accep' ma apology fo' actin' befo' de honeymoon done gone. I jes' allowed I'd come an' see how happy yo' wa' togedder; but I reckon I called too soon. When de mules is fus' put in harness togedder befo' dey done broke in dey might' fractious. Sometimes dey kick in de dashboard, an' I hab knowed 'em to smash de wagon into kindlin' wood. Dat's when de driver better keep away from de heels ob bofe ob 'em."

"Better not try to drive 'em togedder in de fus' place," said Mandy.

"Mrs. Johnsing," says I, I says, "ef I'd 'a' knowed yo' had de debble in yo' heels I wouldn't 'a' recommended yo', An' Mista Johnsing," I continued, "ef I'd 'a' knowed"—

I saw Mandy reachin' fo' anudder flatiron. I jist had time to dodge.

"Wha' fo' yo' gwine say dat agin my husban'?"

"Wha' I gwine say agin yo' husban'?"

"Wha' yo' wa' gwine t' say."

"Ef yo'll let me finish I'll go on. I wa' gwine to say when yo' put in de flatiron interjection dat 'ef I'd 'a' knowed—wha' was it I knowed?"

"I know," says Pete, says he, "dat only a low down nigga 'll butt in between husban' an' wife befo' de honeymoon's ober."

"Ah' doy hain't got used to de love taps," Mandy tucked on.

"Didn' I apologize?" I tucked on to dat. "Ef yo' kin spa'e a towel to wrap around my haid wha' de love tap struck me instead ob yo' husban' I'll go way an' not come back ag'in till de honeymoon's done gone entirely."

Mandy she done wrap a towel ober de place wha' de sha'p edge ob de flatiron cut de scalp, an' as I went out she says:

"I hope 'twon't mak' yo' haid ache, Mista Tomson. Goodby! Call anudder time after we done git settled."

When I got to de gate I looked back to say somep'n perlite, an' dem two niggas wa' makin' up, kissin' each udder.

I reckoned after all I wouldn't try gittin' maaried maself. It is too much wo'k gittin' through de honeymoon.

Her Evidence.

"I had a colored woman before me as a complaining witness," said a criminal court judge. "She had a man held for trial by a city magistrate on the charge that he had attacked her with a pair of scissors. 'He mout' near gouge mah eye out, jedge,' she said to me. 'Jes' come at me like a lion, he did, a-roarin', suh. He poke me in de face wiv dem scissors, jedge, not once, but for four or five times. He jes' cut up my face lak it was a yahd of ribbon, jedge.' The magistrate what held him to dis heah court says he neyah did hear tell of no more dang'rous man.'

"Well, I looked her over. She had a wide, smooth, yellow face that didn't have a mark on it. I told her to repeat her story, and she went all over it again, telling how the man had slashed her face with that pair of scissors.

"'But, madam,' I said, 'there isn't a mark on your face.'

"'Marks!' said she indignantly. 'Marks! What I care for marks, lem me ask you dat? I got witnesses, I tell you.'"—New York Cor. Cincinnati Times-Star.

She Had Courage.

A self possessed young woman who knew no French strolled into one of the larger downtown cafes. She spoke to the waiter in that decisive tone which distinguishes the initiated and glanced over the French bill of fare with the nonchalant air of a Parisienne.

"I'll have," she began firmly as she plunged into the sea of French dishes—"I'll have—let me see. Oh, yes, I'll have some bisque tortoni, a sultana roll, pommes de terre and a little of that fromage. And, garcon, you might as well bring me a cup of coffee."

The waiter gasped. He started to speak, but the young woman froze him with one of those icy stares peculiar to the thoroughly sophisticated.

And the order arrived—two kinds of ices, boiled potatoes and a piece of cheese. But she ate it as if she had been used to that sort of diet all her life.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Stories on Doctors.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle told several good stories of old fashioned practitioners he knew. There was one man, he said, who never used to wash out the half emptied bottles returned to him, but emptied them into one huge jar, from which he dispensed this mixture of medicines to his more obscure patients. "It is like grapeshot," he said; "one of them is sure to hit." There was another man who used to say, "When my patients are alive, I don't know what is the matter with them and when they die I don't know whether they are dead." That was like the medical man who said to a lady whose husband he had been attending, "Madam, I have a very strong belief that your husband is dead, but if it is your wish I have no objection to a consultation."

Cute Little Girl.

One day while Katherine's mother was ill a cup of beef-tea was prepared for her, but Katherine fancied it and drank almost all of it. Her father was about to scold her when her mother said:

"Never mind; it does me just as much good to see her drink it."

Shortly after this a dose of castor oil was prepared for Katherine, and she poured it into her doll's mouth.

"Why Katherine," said her astonished mother, "what did you do that for?"

"That's all right," Katherine replied, "it will do me just as much good if she drinks it."—Boston Herald.

The Danger of Criticism.

If you simply cannot help criticising at least be careful in selecting your victim.

A magazine editor to whom O. Henry had promised a story many times without delivering it sat down one day and wrote him this:

"My Dear O. Henry—If I do not receive that story from you by noon today I am going to put on my No. 11 shoes and come down and kick you down your own stairs. I never fail to keep my promises."

Whereupon O. Henry replied:

"I, too, would keep my promises if I could do all my work with my feet."—Chicago Tribune.

The Battle of a Week.

The battle of a week was the great conflict at Tours in which Charles Martel overthrew the Saracens, A. D. 732. The members of the Saracen army are variously estimated at from 400,000 to 700,000, and the historians say that 375,000 were killed on the field. It is suspected that these figures are a gross exaggeration, but it is certain that few battles of history have been either so bloody or so decisive.

In the Mining Business.

"I think you said, Rastus, that you had a brother in the mining business in the west?"

"Yeh, boss, that's right."

"What kind of mining—gold mining, silver mining, copper mining?"

"No, sah, none o' those; calcimining."—Everybody's.

The Angel.

Wife—I am trimming up last year's hat to save the cost of a new one! Hubby—How good of you! You're a perfect little angel! Wife—Am I? Then give me $10 to buy wings.

His Impression.

Mrs. Knicker—Now, will you remember everything, John? Knicker—Yep. I'm to turn the flowers out at night and sprinkle the cat.—Harper's Bazar.

State.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
State Treasurer—John O. Shetz.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

District and County.

President Judge—Joseph W. Benton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Bradford.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—E. W. Hilton, Smethport; E. R. Benson, Mt. Jewett.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—B. F. Stanley, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank H. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adsit, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. M. Abbey, Smethport; A. E. Anders, Clermont; A. B. Cory, Coryville.
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Hays.
District Attorney—Guy H. Mayo, Smethport.

Borough.

Burgess—E. H. Cleveland.
Council—M. Heath, President; F. M. Meyer, Secretary; J. W. Wells, M. W. Workley, G. H. Deming, F. L. Sherburne, J. C. Backus, H. H. Sease.
Justices—M. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
Constable—U. H. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. L. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, treasurer; John B. Eastman, H. H. Medsker, John Clark.
Collector—M. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Ryon.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, M. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 338, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:00 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
RALPH E. BURDICK, W. M.
W. G. HOLDER, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 339, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 38, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
ESTELLA B. GALLUP, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
MRS. R. E. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in Holder Hall.
J. W. PICKERSGILL, S.
L. K. HOGARTH C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal Church—J. W. McGavern, pastor. Preaching 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 11:45 a. m.; Epworth League, 6:45 p. m.; Evening Service, 7:30; Mid-Week Prayer and Praise Service, Wednesday, 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints' Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. E. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

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A Belated Thanksgiving

The Story of a Faithful Dog

By ADDISON HOWARD GIBSON

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"Don! Here, Don!"

The call rang out clear and loud on the crisp November air, followed almost immediately by an imperative whistle, but no Don appeared, and Tom Wentworth was undeniably angry.

Impatiently kicking from his path a frost blackened dahlia stalk, the annoyed man stamped into the kitchen where his pretty young wife was busy preparing breakfast.

"Have you seen Don this morning?" he inquired.

"Yes," she replied, "he was there at the door only a few minutes ago."

"Then he's run off just to get out of churning," declared Tom, with a fierce frown.

Helen Wentworth laughed merrily. "I don't blame him. I don't like to churn; neither do you."

Tom Wentworth had a special aptness for machinery. His friends often wondered why he remained a farmer instead of turning his entire attention to mechanics. About six months previous and soon after his marriage to the schoolmistress, Helen Latrobe, he had devised an ingenious attachment to the churn by which Don, the intelligent St. Bernard, could do the work. However, the enormous St. Bernard heartily disapproved of the whole thing, and, though he did the work obediently, it was with an unmistakable air of having compromised his dignity to a marked degree. Whenever his master placed the machine in readiness Don's brown eyes invariably took on an expression that said as plain as words:

"Aren't you ashamed to subject a fellow of my caliber to such a menial task—I, who come of a long line of aristocratic ancestors?"

Breakfast over, the inventor, still nursing his wrath, was obliged to perform the necessary drudgery himself, and even the tempting aroma of Helen's fresh baked mince pies failed to lessen the deep revenge he meditated against the rebel when he should return. But the day slipped by, and Don failed to appear.

Before retiring Helen went out on the veranda to enjoy the mellow moonlight. She was tired with an excessive weariness such as only the housewife who has baked and cleaned all day can know. But the calmness of the night and its quiet starlight rested her. Suddenly she felt a moist nose thrust under her arm, and a pair of brown eyes looked into hers, pleading for pardon and incidentally for supper. Of course he received a generous allowance of both and showed his appreciation by a vigorous wagging of his tail.

On discovering the deserter Tom promptly dragged him to the washhouse and locked him in.

"Don't be rough with him," begged Helen.

"I'll teach him to run away from his work," declared the man.

"You'll let him out in the morning, of course? Don must enjoy his Thanksgiving with the rest of us."

"You spoil that dog, Helen," he answered irritably. "He doesn't deserve any Thanksgiving. No; he'll stay right there in the washhouse till next churning day!"

Helen had owned Don ever since her uncle had brought him, an awkward, sprawling puppy, to her girlhood home, and his comradeship seemed almost human. When she had come a happy bride to Tom Wentworth's home she had brought Don with her.

At first when her husband proposed his working the churning machine she protested. But his insistence, coupled with repeated assurances that the labor would not hurt her favorite, had finally won a reluctant consent.

Like a rose set in frostwork the morning dawned, with just enough crispness and snap in the air to make it a typical Thanksgiving day. Helen rose early and descended to the kitchen just as Tom had started a fire in the range. Don's unused rugs behind the stove appealed keenly to her, and she again pleaded for his release. But Tom stubbornly refused and hurried off to the stable to feed the horses and milk the Jerseys.

Hearing the family astir, the imprisoned dog renewed his whining and scratching, and Helen could not repress the tears as she mechanically prepared breakfast. The few scraps which Tom tossed through the window of the washhouse seemed an insult to the prisoner and herself. It was the first time since their marriage that he had done anything to seriously hurt her feelings, but she was too proud to say so or point out how unjust and unfeeling his action was in her eyes.

The simple Thanksgiving dinner was made ready and eaten without much satisfaction on the part of either husband or wife. When it was cleared away Tom hitched his sleek grays to the new buggy and asked Helen to drive with him to Meadeville to visit his father. She refused in a manner so different from her usual amiability that he looked at her in wonder, then, without comment, drove away.

No sooner had he disappeared down the road than Helen took a plate of choice bits and chicken bones to the washhouse and with some difficulty pushed open the small sliding window. Don was lying on the floor, his head resting dejectedly across his paws. When she emptied the plate before him two sorrowful eyes were lifted beseechingly to her face. Then as he ate he wagged his tail in gratitude.

Fearing the effect of commiseration, she disguised her feelings and spoke cheerfully to him, then quickly withdrew. But if Tom had not carried the key away in his pocket she would have defied him and liberated the prisoner. She thought of the ax; it would be an easy matter to break the lock. But she could well guess the result of such an act on Tom's quick temper, and she did not wish to provoke a quarrel.

Returning to the house, she first dusied herself with some routine; then she took up an unfinished novel and in following the fortunes of the heroine the short afternoon slipped rapidly by.

Glancing at the clock, she saw it was nearly time for her husband to return, so she laid the book down and went to start the kitchen fire. This was scarcely completed when the outside door was thrown open almost in her face. Looking up, she saw a burly, uncouth man standing before her. There was a threatening gleam in his beady eyes as he approached, saying:

"Give me all the money you have in the house, and get it quick!"

Helen shrank back terrified and tried to elude him by running into the dining room, but the tramp headed her off. Dodging past him, she caught up the rolling pin and brought it down upon his shoulder with all her might. Then, frightened at what she had done, she said:

"Do not touch me, and I'll get you my purse."

Maddened by the blow, he made a lunge toward her and caught her arm just in time to prevent the weapon's descending upon his head.

She struggled to free herself, but he held her fast in a vicelike grip. Grabbing the coil of clothesline from its hook, he bound her fast to a chair.

"You'll stay right here," he hissed, savagely gritting his teeth. "I'll help myself. Can't trust you."

In her terror she uttered shriek after shriek, still continuing her frantic struggles. Had the fellow been less intent on what he was doing he might have been conscious of a furious uproar in the washhouse, for the faithful Don, hearing the screams of his adored mistress, was barking and plunging about distractedly.

"Quit yer screechin'," ordered the man, striking Helen a brutal blow which, together with the fright, rendered her unconscious. Leaving her thus, he began his search.

In a drawer of the dresser he found a small roll of bills—her chicken money. This he thrust into the bosom of his dirty flannel shirt, while her purse, found in the bedroom, together with the best silver, he tied up in a soiled red handkerchief.

As he hurried from the house he chuckled triumphantly as he noticed that the woman was still unconscious. His haul was already on the gate when vengeance overtook him in the guise of a huge hideous creature. With a bound Don was upon him and bore him to the ground, where he lay swearing fluently, but entirely at the dog's mercy. At the least movement on the part of the thief the vigilant keeper, with a warning growl, displayed his teeth, giving an occasional champ by as a reminder of what would follow if escape was attempted.

As Tom Wentworth drove leisurely home he realized that it had been a very unsatisfactory Thanksgiving. First, he had refused an invitation to dine with his parents, preferring to be alone with his wife, whom he had made unhappy by his severity to her pet.

He had decided to release the dog and beg Helen's pardon when he came upon this surprising tableau: A brawny tramp prostrate on the ground, guarded by Don himself, but a much disheveled Don, scratched and bleeding, albeit staunchly vigilant.

One glance at the broken glass and wrecked window frame sufficed to explain his release. With an imperative "Guard him, Don!" Wentworth rushed into the house.

The remorseful man found Helen just recovering consciousness, a discolored spot made by the villain's fist showing the cause of her swoon. With trembling fingers he untied the rope, placed her on a couch and tenderly bathed her face and hands.

When she was fully recovered he returned to the yard and, taking a horsewhip, ordered the tramp to stand up. While Don crouched on the alert to prevent escape Tom proceeded to administer a sound thrashing, the dog watching operations with obvious approval. The thief was then taken to the washhouse and bound securely with the same cord he had used and later turned over to the proper authorities to be dealt with according to law.

With due contrition Tom petted Don, washing off the blood and dressing the wounds with his own hands. The St. Bernard received these overtures graciously, following him into the presence of his mistress with a benign air.

"He's a hero, Helen," declared Wentworth as she clasped Don around the neck, bedowing his tawny head with tears of gratitude. "If you can forgive me for spoiling his Thanksgiving and yours he shall never churn another day, even if I have to sell the cream to those Cloverdale folks."

"Tom," returned Helen, smiling up at her husband through her tears, "our Thanksgiving is just a belated one. Isn't it, Don?"

That sagacious animal looked understandingly from master to mistress, thumping his tail in emphatic approval.

A THANKSGIVING

That Had Been Made the Happier by a Long Separation.

By SADIE OLCOTT.

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Some people have given up the notion that there is a real devil. I know that there is, and I know it from my own experience. He got into me once so bad that before I could get him out he had broken up the whole family. I mean my family—my Mark, myself and our children.

Mark and I were brought up on adjoining farms. He was the liveliest young man in the neighborhood, and a good many of the girls were trying to get him, Amelia Jones was the handsomest of the lot for him and was bound that if she couldn't get him no one else should. I knew she was watching him like a cat, and the way I found it out was this: We were at a communeking. She and Dan Tomkins were sitting on the heap of corn to be husked, and Mark and I were sitting near them. Mark struck a red ear and kissed me. Amelia was looking straight at us, and you should have seen the look on her face! It was just as if a rattlesnake was coiled for a spring.

I was a fool or I would after this have known that she would strike me whenever she could. There was a barn dance the evening before Thanksgiving, and Mark danced nearly every dance with me. But Amelia by this time saw how matters were going and pretended not to care how they went. But she was working against me, unbeknownst. She didn't dream, though, that when Mark took me home from the dance when Thanksgiving day was dawning in the east what he was saying to me. But even if she had known it she'd have tried to break it up.

Mark and I were engaged just one year. Amelia tried a number of times to make a break between us, but every time we found out that she was at the bottom of what was told Mark about me, and so there was no harm done. Besides, Mark trusted me implicitly. We concluded to be married on Thanksgiving day, just one year from the time when Mark asked me to be his wife.

The summer before we were married Mark was building a house for us to live in. An uncle had given him a little farm, but there was no house on it, and Mark spent the whole summer getting it ready. He had a man to

THE DINNER OUR REUNITED FAMILY ATE.

help him till he got the framework up. Then he did the rest of it himself. We planned it together, and I took ten times the interest in it that I would have taken if it had been built by others. I was busy most of the time making up what we would need in the way of bedding and table linen.

The house wasn't quite finished by Thanksgiving day, but it was fairly comfortable. Besides, it was nice to finish up when we were in it. We were married Thanksgiving morning, and I cooked our first Thanksgiving dinner myself. Mark and I ate it alone. We wanted to be alone. After the children came we didn't want to be alone, but we did at this first Thanksgiving dinner. We ate together. It was a very happy day, but I don't think it was so happy as when we had a lot of little ones at the table with us. Anyway, it wasn't the same kind of happiness.

Ten years passed without any trouble whatever, then a lot of it all came at once. A letter came one day for Mark addressed in a woman's hand. Either of us opened the family letters, and I opened this mighty quick. It was from some one I'd never heard of, but was all about things that had been happening between her and Mark for a long while. I was so wild when I read it that I couldn't absorb anything in particular except the end, which was, "With a thousand kisses, your loving," etc.

That was the time when the devil got into me. I just pinned the letter to a cushion, took the children and went right over to mother's, leaving a note for Mark saying I never wished to see him again. As soon as I got quieted down I thought, after all, there was a slight chance that there might be some mistake. Then I waited for Mark to come and at least try to make an explanation. But Mark didn't come. Then I was frightened for fear he had gone away with the woman who had written him the letter.

I went to the house to see if he had left any message for me. I found the house just as I had left it. I went in and looked about for a note. I did not find anything at all from Mark. Then it rushed over me all at once what a fool I had been. I had simply given way to the other woman. I had left everything in a state of uncertainty. If I had waited till Mark came home and showed him the letter he might have explained it. And yet I didn't see how he could.

Months passed and nothing came from Mark. One day in the next October I was walking along the road when who should I meet but Amelia Jones. She was unmarried and had become a skinny old maid with a sour face. She didn't live near us any more, and I hadn't seen her for years. I doubt if I should have known her had it not been for the look she gave me. It was one of malicious triumph.

"Oh, for the land's sake!" I cried. "What have I done? I've gone and helped that viper to ruin me!"

I saw it all now. She had written the letter that had come for Mark. I could have screamed. My first impulse was to turn and curse her. But she had gone on, and I hesitated. In a few minutes it occurred to me that if I charged her with the crime she would only sail away with her nose in the air. It would come into her revenge.

I went home and spent the rest of the day crying. I thought over the things about me she had contrived to get to Mark's ears when we were engaged and how he had told me of them. And how had I repaid him for his confidence? I had simply played into our enemy's hands. Mark was a very high strung man, and doubtless my action in leaving him without giving him a chance to say a word in explanation and my having considered him guilty of the crime had killed his love for me. If I could only know where he had gone I would go to him on my knees.

I lived in hopes that Mark would some day come back to me, but he did not. The house remained just as I had left it. Every Thanksgiving day I would go there hoping that it being the anniversary of our wedding, Mark would relent and come back there. But he never came. There was a small income from some property he had inherited from his father, and Mark before going away had given an order that this income should be paid to me. So I didn't suffer for funds.

Mark had been gone five years, and every year I had gone to the house on Thanksgiving morning hoping to find him there. On the fifth anniversary I determined to go there the evening before Thanksgiving and sleep there. I lighted a fire on the hearth and sat in my little rocker that I used to sit in beside Mark before that very hearth. I drew his own big easy chair up beside me. And there I sat thinking of him and what a happy family we had been until I had broken it up by my folly. I blamed myself alone for falling into such an open trap. And, thinking, I cried myself to sleep.

I dreamed troubled dreams. First I was back at the husking with Mark. Amelia Jones was sitting near us on the pile of unhusked corn looking at us, and her eyes seemed like coals of fire. Then we were walking along the road running past the house. Mark was bending over me, telling me the story he had told me years before. And I said: "This is not really Mark. Mark went away, and I have never seen him since. And yet here he is walking beside me." I woke up from this dream, my heart beating wildly. I didn't wish to go to bed. I feared I would lie awake for hours. So I took a book from a table near me and read. But I fell asleep again and recommenced my dreaming. This time I dreamed Mark came in and sat in his chair beside me.

I awoke and what did I see? Why, Mark really sitting beside me. Had it not been for the reassuring smile on his face I should have thought that what I saw was his ghost. I sprang toward him, and he took me in his arms.

"Oh, Mark!" I cried. "Have you forgiven me?"

"Yes, I have forgiven you, and I have things to tell you. When I came home and found you and the children gone, the letter pinned to the cushion, I saw at a glance that Amelia Jones had come up after a long silence to strike us. I was angry—angry with you for falling into the trap, for not having confidence in me. I determined to go away forever.

"But I pined for my home, my wife and my children. I was about to come back when I was drawn into a speculation. I concluded to wait for it to make me rich before returning. It took all I had put into it. I tried another and another till recently I struck what has paid me. Then I resolved to come back, forgive you, ask your forgiveness and unite our family."

He went to the bureau, took the letter which had been for five years on the pincushion, and, bringing it back with him, tossed it in the flame.

"There!" he said, watching it as it shriveled. "You have made trouble enough. It would be well if there were a heavenly fire in which we could burn all past disagreements."

Oh, the happiness of that moment! Though it was late, we went to mother's, took the children from their beds and put them in their cribs at our own home.

I had thought that no Thanksgiving dinner could be as happy as the one Mark and I had eaten together on the day of our wedding. But that one was nothing to the dinner our reunited family ate together on the day after Mark burned the letter that had caused our separation. But it was a happiness that had been sharpened by years of pain.

LEMONS.

A Slang Expression Leads to a Serious Blunder.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Amy Winfield reread the telegram with a puzzled frown, and this second perusal was not enlightening:

Sending lemons by express today. Goodby! TED.

Why should her lover send an offering of this citrous fruit? And why should he say "Goodby," and where was he going?

All these questions Amy asked of the empty air, and the empty air made no response. She squeezed the message into a tiny ball and tossed it into the waste paper basket just as her young brother entered the library.

Short and thickset and snub nosed and grubby was little Bert Winfield, but he fairly seethed with the desire to impart knowledge of every description, and his fountain of wisdom was perpetually supplied from the various tomes of literature that found their source in the discarded books and magazines that he fished from the library waste paper basket.

Amy looked up now with her pleasant smile. "Going anywhere near the station today, Bert?"

"Nope," returned the seeker after knowledge. "I may go tomorrow, though. Why?" He dropped on his knees beside the table and groped in the waste paper basket.

"I'm expecting a box or a crate or something, I don't just know what."

"What's in it?" demanded Bert, with a brother's privilege.

"Lemons," returned Amy.

"Lemons?" repeated Bert. "What are you going to do with lemons? Somebody been handing you a lemon?" he asked, reverting to common slang.

"I don't know what you mean," replied his sister with dignity. "But some one has sent me a box of lemons and"—

"It was Teddy Newton," declared Bert, spreading out the crumpled telegram on his knee. "Ain't he the limit?"

"Say 'is he not' instead of 'ain't,'" corrected Amy, "and how do you know Teddy sent them?"

"Is he not?" repeated Bert obediently. "And I'm reading the telegram, and

CALLED THE DOG BY NAME.

that's how I know. Say, he's fierce, Amy, ain't he—is he not—I mean?"

"I think it is very thoughtful in Ted to send down lemons," said Amy coldly. "He knows we are all fond of lemonade."

"Ah-h!" snorted Bert scornfully. "Don't you see any other meaning in that message, Amy? Why, he's giving you the shake—don't you see?"

"Bert Winfield, what do you mean? I shall tell father what you have said!" cried Amy indignantly.

"Tell him," retorted Bert gloomily.

"What did you mean about the lemons, Bert?" insisted his sister uneasily.

"I must explain about what handing the lemon means," returned Bert didactically. "It's a quiet way of telling a feller yo' have no use for him. You see, Teddy says he's sending lemons by express—that means he's shaking you at once, right away in a hurry—and don't he say goodby? You're slow."

Slowly Amy gathered the conviction that her little brother was right. Her doubting heart told her that Ted must be tired of her. They had quarreled a little the last time he had called, and she had not heard from him since. He was tired of her, and this cool, contemptuous way of dismissing their beautiful romance turned all her tender love to bitterness.

The next day Bert returned from the express office with the cheerful announcement that there were no lemons awaiting his sister.

Several days—a week—passed, and no lemons arrived for Amy Winfield, and so the dread conviction that she had been jilted came to be an established fact.

Then it was that Amy went around looking very pale and wan and, gathering one by one the treasures that she had cherished as gifts from her lover, bundled them together and sent them back to Teddy Newton, with a telegram as brief as his own and pathetically imitative:

Sending lemons by express. AMY.

About this time little Bert Winfield came into possession of a dog, the handsomest bit of canine blood and flesh that one might see—an Irish bull, pure white, with yellow spots and a kindly, ugly face and protruding eyes of faithful brown.

"Isn't he the dearest?" murmured Amy, kneeling before the dog and submitting to the caresses of his velvet pink tongue. "Where did you get him, Bert?"

"Uncle Abe gave him to me. Says he bought him off the express agent in Traymore. He's my birthday present. I did want a collie, you know, Kitty, but I suppose Uncle Abe did the best he could. Perhaps this little fellow was all he could afford," said Bert kindly. "I heard him tell dad that the last 'pank' put a crimp in his pocketbook."

"A crimp?" repeated gentle Amy reprovingly. "What is that, Bert—more slang, dear?"

"Um-huh!" returned Bert. "What shall I name the dog, Amy? I thought some of calling him Teddy. What do you think?"

"Teddy! Why?" gasped Miss Winfield indignantly. "I forbid you to name him after Teddy Newton!"

"Ah-h!" groaned Bert disgustedly. "I meant after Teddy Roosevelt. Who'd want to name a dog after Teddy Newton?"

"Perhaps he has a name, dear," suggested Amy. "Have you tried calling him by some names?"

"Sure!" "I've called him Fido and Lion and Rex and Bruno and Pete and even Old Dog Tray, and he won't come until he gets ready. He must have a name of some kind. I'm going to begin to call him Teddy—if you don't mind too much, sis," he added magnanimously.

"Call him anything you like, dear," said Amy sadly, and something in her tone roused Bert to indignation.

"I won't call him Teddy after anybody, I guess, sis—anybody that will send lemons to a girl and do it by telegram. Well—down, sir; down, I say! Look at him, sis!"

The dog climbed playfully over his little master, caressed him with paws and tongue and loved him with soft brown eyes. "I'll call him Pup for awhile," said Bert, and so the matter was settled.

A week later Amy received another disquieting telegram from her erstwhile lover:

Why return lemons? Thought to please you. TED.

To which Miss Winfield gave much thought, many bitter tears and the following lucid reply:

Returned my own lemons to you. Am much pleased. AMY.

And in due time came the following message:

Lemons not received to date. Change your mind and keep. TED.

Its reply, "Decision irrevocable; goodby—Amy," brought forth one more telegram from Mr. Newton, and it bespoke that gentleman's masterful disposition:

No decision irrevocable where we are concerned. Wait till I see you. TED.

"The impertinence!" gasped Amy indignantly. "I shall not see him if he comes! After jilting me in that heartless manner, to endeavor to ignore the matter and make it up—never, never, never!"

That same day Miss Winfield received an express package containing the objects she had mailed to Mr. Newton—all the books and music and the engagement ring and even the love letters, which any man might have been excused from retrieving when the opportunity offered. But Teddy was square in some things, Amy gradatingly agreed, and so she put the treasures away with a little degree of comfort, for these latter weeks had been full of storm and stress and very different from those earlier, happier weeks of her engagement.

Then one evening when the first frost lay sparkling on the garden Amy, wrapped in shawls, stood at the gate entranced with the witchery of the moonlight. She was there when Mr. Teddy Newton strode up to the gate and in his masterful way took her in his arms and kissed away her protests.

"What is the matter with you, dearest? You've had me half crazy. I just stole the time to run down and try to square our misunderstanding. Surely you don't harbor anger over that little quarrel"—

"What made you hand me the lemons?" sobbed Amy in his bosom, while Mr. Newton cast his eyes aloft in amazement.

"Hand you the lemons? Explain. Tell me all about it. There is some mistake," he soothed her. And so she told the story of the telegrams and the elucidation of that wiseacre, Bert, and when she had concluded Mr. Newton burst into such a roar of laughter that once more his sweetheart was indignant.

"Let me explain—there. After our quarrel I wanted to send a peace offering, and so I bought you the best dog I could find. Lemons by name, if you please. Sent him down by express and by a series of accidents have discovered that he went astray—has gone to—to—you—and reached up at Traymore station. The agent kept him awhile, and, being of a thrifty nature, sold him to your Uncle Abe, who presented him to Bert—the little rascal! He'll lose the pup, Amy, for he is yours. Didn't you get the letter I sent before the first telegram?"

"Never," said Amy.

"It's ended all right, anyway," commented Mr. Newton philosophically. "Just to prove that his name is Lemons"— He whistled sharply and called the dog by name.

There was a scurrying of little feet on the gravel path, and the bull pup flashed upon them and into their mutual embrace.

Sheriff's Sales.

BY VIRTUE of sundry writs of Fieri Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the Borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, DECEMBER 12th, 1910,

at 1 o'clock p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or lot of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows to-wit: Beginning at a post in the North line of Hilton Street at a point where a continuation of the West line of Johnson Street would intersect said Hilton Street; Thence North fifty (50) feet more or less to the line of the right of way of N. Y. L. E. & W. Rail Road Company, thence west along the line of said right of way thirty (30) feet to a post; thence South by line at right angles with Hilton Street fifty (50) feet to a post in the Northerly line of said Street thence East along said street thirty (30) feet to the place of beginning. Subject however to all the terms and conditions in lease heretofore made for oil and gas purposes. Excepting and reserving all oil or mineral in on or under the above described lands. The above described lands being known as lot No. 232 & part of lot No. 233 according to survey of L. Gorton and as by him mapped and staked out and the same land conveyed to first parties by Emma L. Rhodes & husband by deed dated Oct. 24th, 05, and recorded in Deed Book 85 page 207 etc.

Improver and having thereon erected one two story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of George E. Jones and E. B. Ellison, Terre Tenant, at suit of C. G. Fitzgibbon, Assignee of Louis Marck.

James P. Ryan, Plaintiff's Atty.

2.

Defendant's interest in all that certain parcel or lot of land situate, lying and being in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania bounded and described as follows to wit: Beginning at a point in the west side of Hilton Street seventy-five (75) feet northerly from the point where a continuance of the southerly line of Johnson Street will intersect said west line of Hilton Street; thence northerly along the west side of Hilton Street forty five (45) feet; thence at right angles to Hilton Street fifty (50) feet to the right of way of the N. Y. L. E. & W. R. R. Company; thence southerly along said right of way forty five feet; thence easterly fifty (50) feet to the place of beginning being five feet off of the northern side of lot No. 229, all of lot No. 228 and the southern fifteen (15) feet of lot 227 of Hilton addition to the City of Bradford as surveyed, staked and mapped out by L. Gorton surveyor November 1878, and being the same land which was conveyed to said K. E. Ellison by A. J. Liggett and his wife by two certain deeds, one dated June 12, 1889 and recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County in Deed Book Vol. 49 page 529, and the other dated September 19, 1892 and recorded in the Recorder's Office of said County in Deed Book Vol. 63 Page 325.

Improved and having thereon erected one 1 story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of R. E. Ellison at suit of C. G. Fitzgibbon.

James P. Ryan, Plaintiff's Atty.

3.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situated in Keating Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, bounded as follows: Beginning at a post in the West line of the Ormsby farm, at the south side of the highway leading from Smethport to Alton; thence North sixty-eight (68) degrees East eighty (80) rods to a post; being the northwest corner of lot No. 14, of "Ormsby village survey;" thence South twenty-two (22) degrees East sixteen (16) rods to a post; thence South three (3) degrees West seventy-eight (78) rods to a post corner, standing in the south line of the Ormsby farm; thence North eighty-seven (87) degrees West eighty-one and one-half (81-½) rods to a post corner; thence North three (3) degrees East fifty-eight (58) rods to the place of beginning, containing thirty eight and 65-100 acres of land, more or less, and part of Warrant 2351 and 2280, being part of lot, No. 187, Bingham survey.

Improved and having thereon one two story frame dwelling house, 1 barn, and usual out buildings, 7 producing oil wells.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Mrs. Emma A. Heisel at suit of D. C. Young.

Sheridan Gorton, Plaintiff's Atty.

4.

Defendant's interest in all those certain pieces, parcels and lots of land situate in the township of Wetmore and the borough of Kane, in the county of McKean and state of Pennsylvania, known and designated on a certain map thereof, prepared by G. H. Lyon and Son, and recorded in the Recorder's office of said McKean county, in Deed Book 130, at page 522, as lots Numbers three, four, five, eight, nine, ten, eleven, eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty-two, thirty-five, thirty-six, thirty-seven, thirty-eight, thirty-nine, forty, forty-one, forty-two, forty-three, forty-four, forty-five, forty-six, forty-seven, forty-nine, fifty, fifty-two, fifty-three, fifty-four, fifty-five, fifty-six, fifty-seven, fifty-eight, fifty-nine, sixty, sixty-one, sixty-two, sixty-three, sixty-four, sixty-five, sixty-six, sixty-seven, sixty-eight, sixty-nine, seventy, seventy-one, seventy-two, seventy-three, seventy-four, seventy-five, seventy-six, seventy-seven, seventy-eight, seventy-nine, eighty, eighty-one, eighty-two, eighty-three, eighty-four, eighty-five, eighty-six, eighty-nine, ninety, ninety-one, ninety-two, ninety-three, 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